

The Sketch

No. 831.—Vol. LXIV.

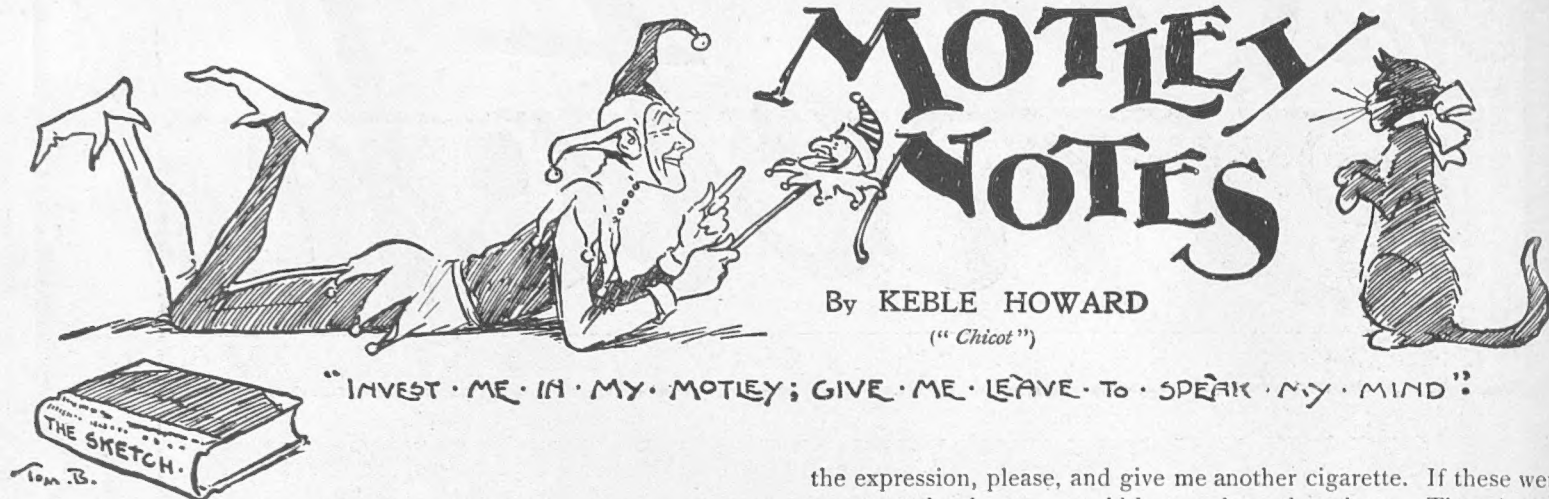
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



"DICK WHITTINGTON," AT DRURY LANE: MISS QUEENIE LEIGHTON AS DICK AND MR. G. ALI AS MOUSER IN THIS YEAR'S PANTOMIME.

Photograph by Bastano.



An Unwarrantable Intrusion.

'Twas the eve of a New Year. Quite alone, I was sitting at my window, staring out at the lights, and the river, and the black shapes of the buildings on the further shore, and the night. I have no doubt at all that I was leaning my head upon my hand. I was born with a sense of the picturesque, and everybody with a sense of the picturesque leans his head upon his hand when the New Year is a-dying. The clock struck eleven. I murmured to myself—

Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

"Stuff!" said a voice at my elbow.

I turned indignantly. Who was this that had dared to intrude upon my picturesque privacy? Who was this that dared to cry "Stuff!" to one of the most beautiful little poems in the language? Who was this that—? But my anger was stillborn, for the interloper proved to be Dame Nature. Ignorant as I am, I have learned, at any rate, the futility of being angry with *that* old lady. All the same, I forbore to smile at her. Was not the hour too solemn?

Speed the Parting Guest.

"Chuck it," she said, "and give me a cigarette. What are you mooning about?"
"Was I 'mooning'?"

"Looked uncommonly like it."

"I'm sorry. The face of a man who is sitting at the bedside of a dying friend is not usually wreathed in grins."

"Sounds rather well, but means nothing. What about the face of a man who is waiting on the platform to welcome an unknown guest? Not very hospitable to shroud it in gloom, is it?"

"The sadness of parting with an old friend must necessarily outweigh the mild interest of meeting a new one."

"Who said so?"

"I have just said it."

"Then you're a humbug. I hoped you were quoting. You know very well that the old friend, to a great extent, has been a bit of a bore. You know very well that, in your heart, you are glad to be rid of him. You know very well that, time and again, he has proved himself unworthy. You know very well that——"

"Better the evil that one knows than——"

Value of the Old Year.

"Stuff—stuff—stuff! On the whole, I think I prefer you when you don't quote, especially since you select such rotten quotations. Surely, laddie"—and here her tone became more kindly—"you must feel that this new guest is full of all sorts of delightful possibilities?"

"You mistake my point of view. The one that is going I shall never look upon again."

"D'you want to look upon him again?"

"Well, not for himself, perhaps."

"Of course you don't. Nobody would really like to live through any particular year again, even if he had the chance."

"That's rather too sweeping a statement. Granted that one was also allowed to profit by one's mistakes——"

"You wouldn't do it. If you didn't make the same mistakes, you'd make similar ones. No, laddie! The value of your mistakes of last year lies in the opportunity to profit by them in the year that's coming. That's not a sermon; that's hard sense. Brighten

the expression, please, and give me another cigarette. If these were a present, by the way, you'd better drop the giver. There's one mistake to rectify."

"As it happens," I retorted, rather warmly, "I bought them myself."

The Dame Grows Abusive.

"Cheer up!" cried the old lady, chuckling. "You'll drop yourself in time."

"That's an unnecessarily cruel remark."

"Cruel be dished! Where's the cruelty of it?"

"It's the thought that one is a year older—a year nearer the end—that makes the eve of the New Year a sad and solemn occasion. It is my custom," I hinted, "to spend it in solitude, in order that I may——"

"Ah! At last we have it! As I suspected, you're just an ordinary, unimaginative funk! All this palaver about losing an old friend is common swank!"

"It is one of your own elemental laws," I reminded her with no little dignity, "that we should fear death."

"I never said so."

"It's generally admitted."

"Oh, of course, if you're going to draw up a nice little list of rules for yourselves and then hold me responsible for 'em——!"

"Do you deny that self-preservation and self-reproduction are the strongest of your laws?"

The Inner Meaning of Cricket.

"Oh, that's a very different kettle of fish. For mercy's sake, don't confuse fear of death with the instinct of self-preservation. If you

do, you overlook the spice of the whole business—the sporting element. Life is like cricket. There wouldn't be much fun in getting runs if you knew for certain that you could never be bowled out. In the fact that any ball may bowl him lies the chief delight of the skilled batsman."

"There is such a thing as 'not out' in cricket," I reminded her.

"I know that, and there is such a thing as 'not out' in the other little game. Every year that you keep your end up by fair means is another run added to your score. What would you think of a batsman who moaned and groaned all through his innings because stumps were to be drawn at six-thirty?"

"I should think him a nuisance to himself and everybody else concerned in the game."

"You would be right. And the man who moans and groans over the passing of the years is precisely the same sort of nuisance, and is just as unreasonable. He doesn't deserve to have had an innings at all."

"What about those," I said, "who keep their wickets up by unfair means?"

She Gives me a Toast.

The Dame sniffed.

"Don't you worry about that lot. There's not a grain of fun in any game for the man who cheats."

"And what about the stone-wallers—the players who play stolidly for safety?"

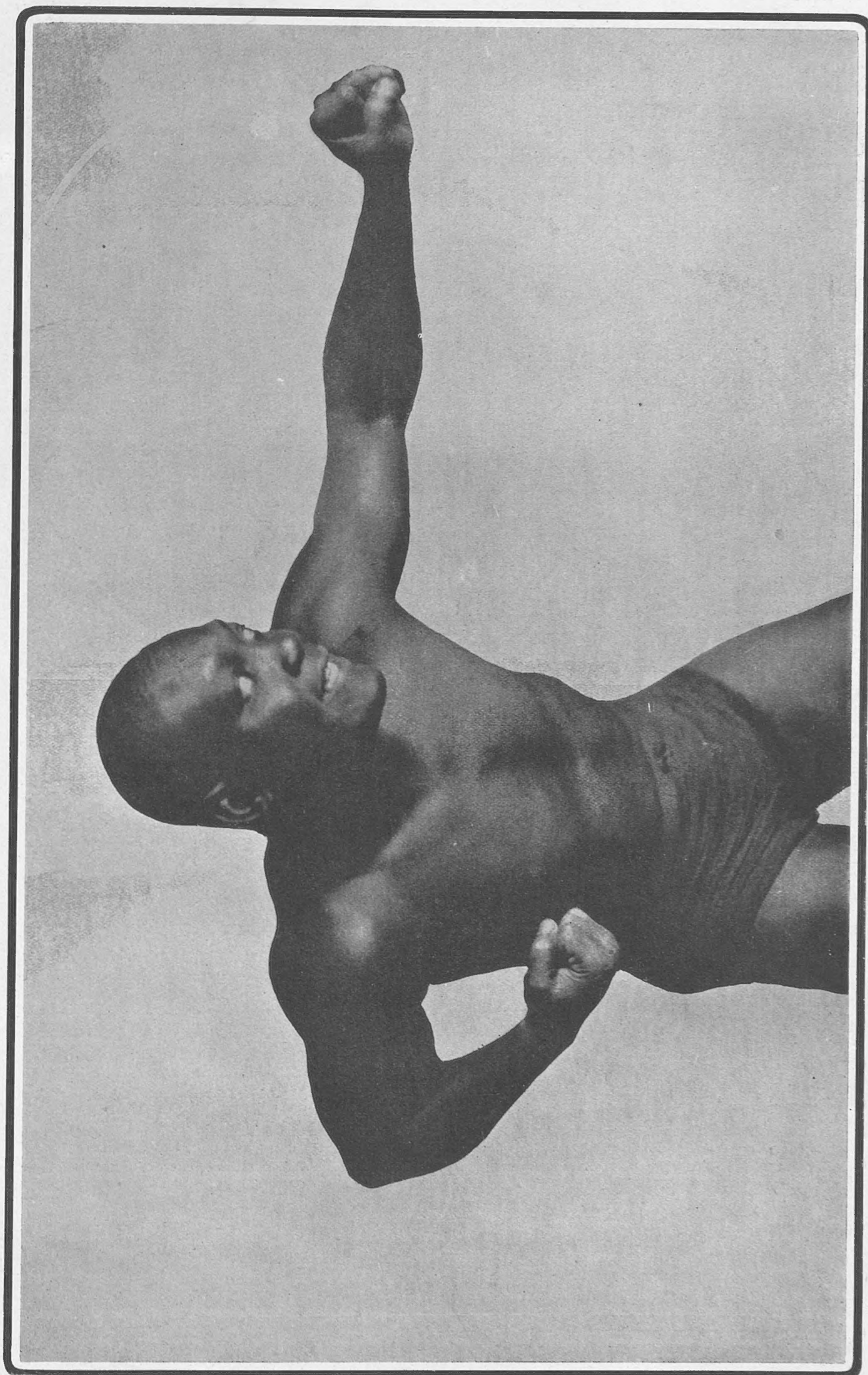
She shrugged her old shoulders.

"That's temperament, just as it is temperament to swipe at anything. The best player in either game is the man who waits his chance, but makes the very most of it when it comes . . . Listen!"

Big Ben was striking twelve.

"Here's to your new pal!" cried the Dame, raising her glass.

BOXING DAY! THE MAN WHO BEAT TOMMY BURNS.

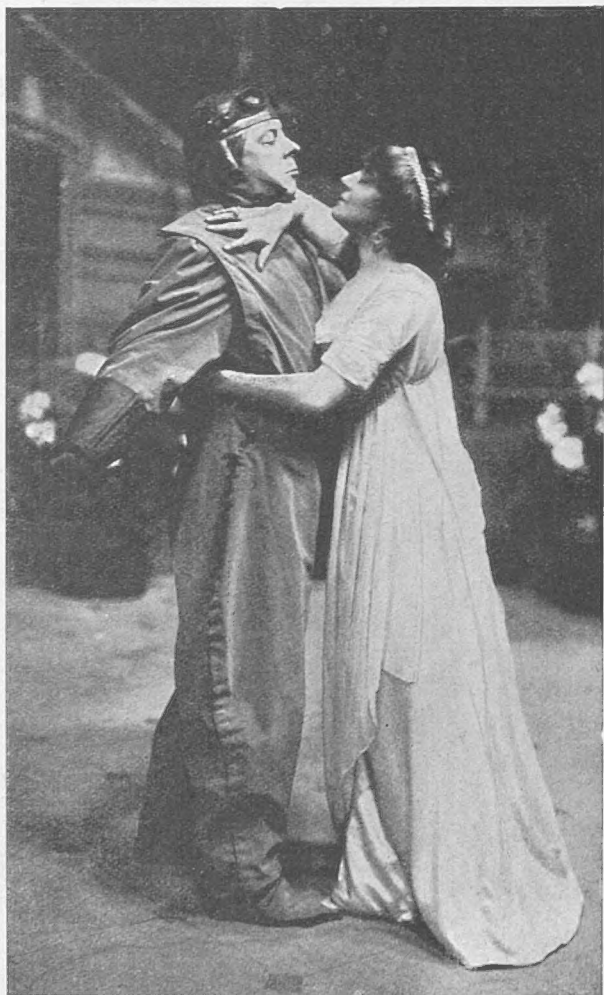


JACK JOHNSON, THE NEW CHAMPION BOXER OF THE WORLD, VICTOR IN THE GREAT GLOVE CONTEST AT SYDNEY.

The great boxing contest for the Championship of the World, between the black man, Jack Johnson, and Tommy Burns (the champion hitherto), took place at Sydney, appropriately enough, on Boxing Day. One of the most memorable events in pugilistic history ended in a decisive victory on points for the negro at the fourteenth round, when the fight was stopped by the police. It had opened in a most dramatic way, Burns being knocked down at the very outset by his opponent's first blow, and throughout the contest he was thoroughly outclassed. The new World's Champion was born at Galveston, Texas, in 1878, and stands 6 ft. 3 in. in height, his fighting weight being about 13 st. 7 lb. He was in London in the early part of this year, just before his departure to the Antipodes for the great event. The ex-champion, whose real name is Noah Brusso, is a French Canadian, having been born at Hanover, in Canada, in 1881. He is of slighter build than Johnson, his height being 5 ft. 7 in. Before the fight he had boasted over his black opponent.—[Photograph by Halfonnes.]

THE WALTZ OF THE AERO AND THE AEROINE :

MR. SEYMOUR HICKS AS RUPERT AND MISS ELLALINE TERRISS AS CICELY, DANCING IN "THE FLY-BY-NIGHT,"
AT THE PALACE.



1. A STRENUOUS MOVEMENT IN THE AEROPLANE CUM APACHE DANCE.

2. A TENDER MOMENT.

3. THE AEROINE IS STRENUOUS IN HER TURN—

4. —AND TALKS AGGRESSIVELY TO THE AERO.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.

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(HASTINGS).

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Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

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The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

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Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

WELL, dear old Bee has put in a quite priceless time, thank'ee. Overdone the whole show in the fine old English way, b'Jove and b'George. So I'm at peace with the world. A bit tired, of course, a bit feeble, and a bit dishevelled, but cheerful and kindly, d'y'see. And, if you don't mind my sayin' so, goin' strong as to liver. That being so, the quick approach of a New Year has no terrors for me. Mind you, I'm never keen to see the tail of the particular year I happen to be seein' through. Life to me is such a devilish interestin' business that, like the schoolboy and the parental thick 'un, I like to spin it out as far as it'll go. What? Livin' is a particular hobby of mine. I'm not ashamed to confess that livin' amuses me more than anything I've come across. Personally, I should be full of appreciation of the scientific joker who would give us a

twenty - four hours day and a twenty-four hours night. But I suppose that won't happen in my time. Pity. Think of lunchin' twice and dinin' twice and changin' four times a day. What? More expensive, of course, but the mere matter of money never bores me. Only the very young and the very old worry about money. The very young, from whom they are to get it; the very old, to whom they are to leave it. The wise feller who has left nineteen behind him and can't see sixty anywhere on the horizon, even with the aid of binoculars, has no need for money. Hetakes jolly good care to have everything else, and is satisfied. Think also, if there were a twenty-four hours day, in what blessed peace we could get supper after the theatre. Out at, say, twenty or twenty past twenty, and there you'd have nearly four hours in which to stoke up. Time for ten tunes, and a full bill of fare, instead of two tunes, the wing of a chicken, and a waiter with your coat and hat. It has endless possibilities. The only trouble that I can see is that I should be obliged to have two men. My jewel has all he can do to dress me as it is.

Therefore, feelin' as I do about life, I really shall be jolly sorry to see little '09 push poor old '08 off the calendar. '08 has been an epoch-makin' year for me. I was sun-burned for nearly two months, I've learned to play golf, I discovered that George Bernard Shaw was nothing of the sort, but the reincarnation of Don Quixote, and I did away with the rolled cuff. A busy, useful year. If only the Government had done an eighth part of that for the country. What? I intend to be equally bee-ish in the new year, too. For one thing, I'm going to design a new overcoat, a new dress collar, and a new way of batting one's womenkind. These things cry aloud for attention. What other innovations I may bring

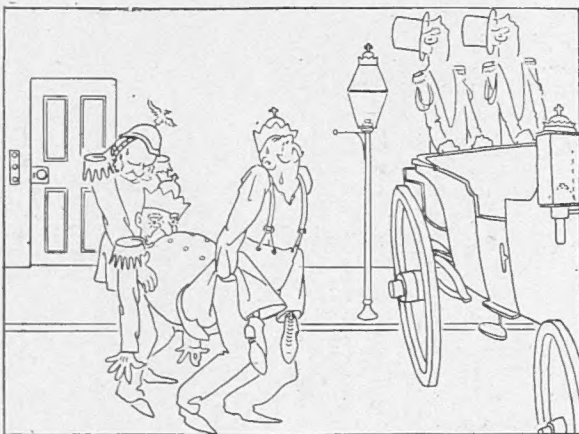
in, goodness only knows. Don't let's worry until there's cause. The thing that I've been givin' some thought to just now is the question of making resolutions. Well, d'y'see, don't. No civilised man has any right to turn over a new leaf. The joker who gives up his bad habits is as stupid as the man who shaves off his moustache—he loses his personality and puzzles his friends. Do you follow me? After all, a man ain't a man who is all good. He's a London County Councillor. The thing to aim at is the happy medium. The angel type of person is known to the police, whereas you and I can come and go unsuspected. We have carefully cultivated our bad habits. We are experts, and so, being thoroughly human, it is quite unlikely that, having gained a reputation for complete blamelessness, we shall be arrested for an ingenious system of robbing the poor. It

invariably follows. If ever you are introduced to the perfect man, take very good care that you instantly forget the name of the coppermine he kindly recommended. Leave the makin' of good resolutions to the faddist and the weakling. Rise above the annual temptation to improve, and be strong in your weaknesses. It takes a jolly long time to acquire a bad habit really well. So stick to it and be thankful.

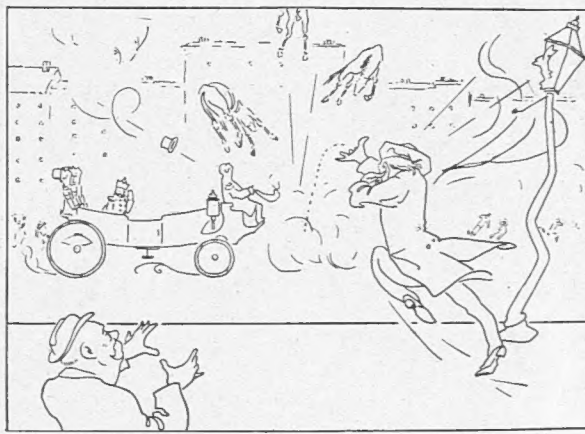
Having put these sound things on the table, let me say this. Let me say that I do think that New Year's Eve is the time to sit down quietly

and make up your mind on one or two points hitherto left carelessly alone. For instance, ask yourself whether, being forty, it isn't time that you took to white spats. But bear in mind that white spats do not go with a cherry-brandy complexion. It throws them into too strong a relief. Ask yourself also, very seriously, if you haven't been making a grave mistake with the brim of your hat. With the passin' of years the shape of the face alters. It doesn't follow that because you could wear a small flat brim in 1880, you can still wear it in 1908.

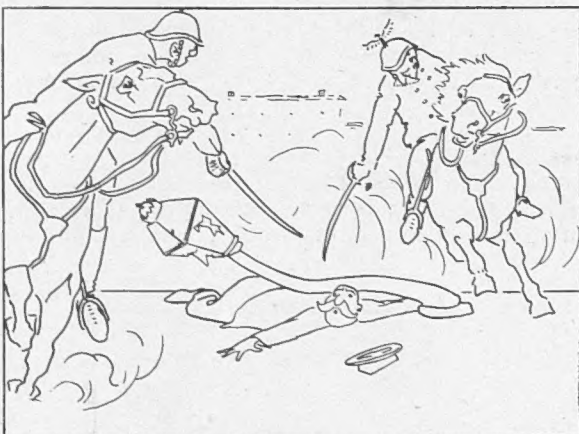
What you lose on your jaw-line you gain on curly brim. The same applies to trousers. The lower the chest the wider over the ankles. Also consider the watch-chain. Now, a watch-chain may only be worn by a Lord Mayor, an Alderman, a J.P., a member of Parliament who represents a woollen constituency on the wrong side, a Territorial Colonel, and a police-constable. All others who inherit watch-chains from early Victorians should put them among their curios, or get a small advance upon them in times of stress. And so, havin' wrung the matter dry, all that remains for me to do here and now—puttin' it poetically—is to raise my glass to little '09, and wish you a very Happy New Year. What?



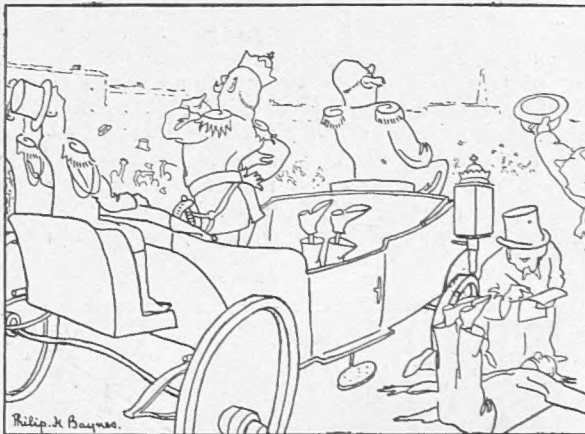
The proud but penurious monarch of a distant state, having exhausted his exchequer, decides that the accident insurance companies shall suffer, and causes a dummy of himself to be placed in the royal carriage, that it may be driven in state through the streets.



While he is visiting the insurance companies the expected happens. A gentleman of anarchistic views and unerring aim throws a bomb that bursts with great effect, and the dummy monarch goes, saluting and willingly enough, to his death.



During the police proceedings that follow, the proud monarch takes refuge under a lamp-post, and, being in mufti, is unrecognised. So he is able, when the police have left him to himself, to take advantage of the confusion, get into the royal carriage, and put on the clothes that have served his double so ill.



Thus, still a proud and happy monarch, he shows himself to his delighted people, receives a Parliamentary vote in honour of his bravery, knights various people concerned and unconcerned, and is able to preside once more over an exchequer that is very pleasing to him.

THE KING OF NIMBLE MIND: A MODERN, AND MOCK, MELODRAMA.

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



THE CLUBMAN

THIS TIME NEXT YEAR—SHALL WE ALL AVIATE?—WILL THE LADIES HAVE THE SUFFRAGE?—
WILL OUR YOUNG MEN BE RIFLEMEN?

WE are trembling on the brink of the New Year, and at this season everyone, after a glance back over the year gone by, looks ahead at the year to come, and wonders what she or he will be thinking this day twelve months. One question, I am sure, will be asked at all the winter dinner-parties of 1909-10, and that is, "Do you aviate?" I know two men

already who have gone for flights with the Wrights, and as the aeroplanes multiply, anyone who wishes to be up to date will have tales to tell of adventurous air-voyages. Of course, as the distances covered become longer and longer, and the aviators make journeys from town to town instead of flying round and round a field, and the Continental nations begin to organise their aeroplane corps, a scare that the new air-fleets will endanger Britain's naval supremacy is sure to arise; indeed, a small scare on those lines has already been initiated by the ingenious and humorous Sir Hiram Maxim.

But the aeroplane scare will die a natural death, just as the tor-

bring the flying-men to ground just as Icarus came. When a flying-man a mile high was brought down by a godd shot, there would be some trouble in collecting his remains. Of course, it would add to the troubles of a householder if the insurance-offices insisted on his providing his roof with a bomb-proof velarium; and to shelter the dome of St. Paul's in war-time under an umbrella of wire-netting would seriously damage its appearance.

How will the war of the women have fared a twelve-month hence? That the vote will have been given or have been assured to the responsible section of womanhood—the single woman or the widow who pays rates and taxes—I feel sure; but will that satisfy the dog-whip enthusiasts, who have tasted all the joys of notoriety, and who could no more bear now to make an "absolutely final appearance" than a favourite actress can? Will the great mass of womanhood, who may then consider the legitimate aspirations of their sex satisfied, say to their screaming sisters, "Be quiet!" and, if necessary, show that they mean it; or will the damsels in tricolour sashes still sell their newspaper in Fleet Street and besiege Ministers? And will the brass bands and the chariot with white horses still go down at intervals to Holloway on "coming-out" mornings?

And what about our citizen army twelve months hence? Shall we all be feeling a little discouraged, wondering how the employers can be compensated for the loss that falls on them if they are patriotic, and how the young men of the nation can be persuaded that a fortnight in camp is better fun than a bicycle tour? Shall

we have found that the example shown by the county magnates and the men of the Universities and the boys at the great public schools has been followed by the masses? Or shall we be talking of the impending compulsory service? The next year is likely to prove whether Mr. Haldane's scheme for national defence (which all soldiers believe to be the most practical one ever drawn up) is to fail because Great Britain never can see a danger until it is actually upon her; or whether for once she will be wise in time and

scold and coax her sons to learn how to use a rifle and submit to discipline, so that if ever the immediate danger of invasion comes upon us, her national army may be ready, competent, and confident, and that the awful confusion of a *levée en masse* may be avoided.



THE TORTOISE AS AN IDOL: A MUCH-DECORATED IMITATION IN THE CAMEROONS.

Photograph by P. Reclam jun.

pedo scare did. We all of us can remember the time when it was confidently predicted that big battle-ships must cease to exist, because a well-directed torpedo could sink any leviathan; but as soon as torpedoes were perfected, the various means of sinking the torpedo-boats and warding off the torpedoes were also perfected, and not only Great Britain, but all the other first-class nations, are building *Dreadnoughts* without any fear that they will be sunk by a thing no bigger than a fish. We also had our submarine scare, but that did not last long, for the under-sea boat, like the torpedo, has now found exactly its right status as an engine of war.

For scouting, the aeroplane will, of course, be of the greatest use in war-time; but as bomb-distributor I do not think it is likely to be a great source of danger. At the worst, the menace of air-ships would make engineers burrow rather deeper than they do now in constructing batteries and magazines. Bombs are heavy things; aeroplanes are never likely to carry any great weight, and the currents of wind would be certain to deflect from a straight line any explosive dropped. We should have kite outposts round all our coast fortresses, and the inventors of all nations would soon find for the various War Offices aeroplane-destroying guns which would



DUSKY SALOMES: MAUD ALLANS OF SIRIA, PAPUA.



THE MOST MYSTERIOUS STAIRCASE IN THE WORLD: A CURIOSITY THAT IS DOOMED.

The staircase, which is in a building in Philadelphia, is one of the curiosities of America. It is without visible means of support, and timid people hesitate at the foot of it, fearing that it only wants a weighty tread to bring it to the ground. As a matter of fact, it is supported from the walls, and is built on platforms that go well into the masonry. It is said that this staircase is to be replaced by lifts—or, as our American cousins prefer it, elevators.—[Photograph by the P. J. Press Bureau.]

A FRENCH SOCIETY MAN'S PRIVATE CIRCUS:
M. ERNEST MOLIER AND SOME OF HIS AMATEUR COMPANY.



1. M. MOLIER AND MLE. IRMA VIOLLA AS THEY APPEAR WHEN PERFORMING A PAS DE DEUX ON HORSEBACK.

2. MLE. BLANCHE ALLARTY.

3. M. ERNEST MOLIER, OWNER OF THE PRIVATE CIRCUS.

4. MLE. YOLA DE NYSS, ONE OF THE AMATEUR HORSEWOMEN OF THE CIRCUS.

5. MLE. BLANCHE ALLARTY, ONE OF THE AMATEURS WHO PERFORM IN THE CIRCUS.

M. Ernest Moler, one of the best-known sportsmen in Paris, founded the Cirque Moler some twenty-eight years ago as a hobby, and has run it ever since, to the delight of many of his society friends, and his private circus is one of the sights of Paris. All taking part in the performance are amateurs, including, of course, M. Moler himself.

Photograph No. 3 by Walery; 4 by St. Senoch. (See Article on another page.)



MISS JOSEPHINE LAWSON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MR. F. W. CHANCE IS TO TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (THE 30th)

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

though Lord Dalmeny, who keeps his birthday a few days later, and his younger brother, who was born at the end of the same year, are both the juniors of the Lady of the New Year.

Notes for Notes.

Mrs. Swinton, whose fine singing has hitherto been looked upon as the perquisite of her admiring smart friends, has, to the chagrin of some of them and the dismay of her professional rivals, put a price upon her powers. If in future the many hostesses who were glad to pay her compliments must pay her guineas, it is not because Mrs. Swinton, who has many possessions besides her voice, greatly desires to be richer by handsome sums, but because it is gratifying to be able to put a big price upon a talent. Imitation in this case being impossible, the truest form of flattery may well be expressed in notes that are not musical.

The Lord and the Label.

Lord Ardilaun has raised a nice point in domestic architecture. He refuses to let the London County Council decorate the façade of his residence, 11, Carlton House Terrace, with a little inscribed tablet. The house, says he, is his own, and if the London County Council wishes to put any little sentence over his front door it must be that "here lives Baron Ardilaun." The London County Council, on the other hand, would prefer to write up, "Here lived Mr. William Ewart Gladstone," which may or may not be a slight to the Peerage and the Peer. Some houses in London would soon be as confusing as a Metropolitan Railway Station if every noted occupant were commemorated in letters of gold; but Lord Ardilaun, if only as a great income-tax payer, might sustain a memorial of the man who said that the imposition of the income-tax was met by another kind of imposition—that it made a nation of liars.

Millionaire and Editor.

Though Sir Douglas Straight leaves the *Pall Mall Gazette*, he will still be faithful to *Pall Mall*; and, with all his vast stores of information,

continue to be a sort of walking gazette at his club—the Carlton. Sir Douglas leaves the paper a better property than he found it, and has, besides, many a literary triumph to his name. The new editor, I hear, is the son of the proprietor, "young Mr. Astor," and I wish him luck in any attempt made to reconcile the claims of literature and of lucre in the dull, metallic light of a London afternoon. Perhaps the Young Man may make old Autolycus welcome again; and the *Pall Mall* earn renewed praise for "splendid journalism" from Mr. George Meredith.

The New Amintas.

Miss Mabel Johnson, fully clothed, can carry a person on the surface of the water a distance of twenty yards, swim six hundred, undress while floating, dive and perform various movements in scientific swimming. All these things she did to the admiration of various fellow-members of the Bath Club, and gained thereby the Royal Life-Saving Society's award of merit. "But I have nothing to wear," explained one excellent swimmer, who was asked why she had not competed for the prize, and certainly her frock was much too frail and looked much too well to take the waters. The Bath Club has always taxed the ingenuity of the artiste in fashions, for its members make a point of dressing well; but this latest test is really rather severe. Mrs. Evelyn Verity and Miss Felicity Tree—whose swimming was as pretty as their names—were among those who companioned Miss Johnson in her triumph.

Who's Who.

What may be called the pedigree-habit gets more and more developed in the announcements of engagements and weddings. This is a comparatively mild instance: "The marriage between Captain C. A. Howard, of Castle Rising, Norfolk, only surviving son of the late Hon. Greville Howard and Lady Audrey Buller, and Miss Miriam Elinor Dansey, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Dansey (late 1st Life Guards) and the Hon. Mrs. Dansey, took place at noon yesterday at the Church of St. Clement Danes." And yet, without more attention than the thing is worth, one gets the vague impression that at least three ladies were being married, and that everybody is everybody else's daughter or son. It would be easy to draw up a simple form of statement which would suffice; but nothing dies harder than a rigmarole.



MR. GEORGE AKERS-DOUGLAS, WHOSE WEDDING TO MISS DORIS CHRISTOPHERSON IS FIXED FOR JANUARY 5.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS DORIS CHRISTOPHERSON, WHOSE WEDDING TO MR. GEORGE AKERS-DOUGLAS IS FIXED FOR JANUARY 5.

Photograph by Lafayette.

SMALL TALK



MR. F. W. CHANCE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO MISS JOSEPHINE LAWSON WILL TAKE PLACE TO-DAY (THE 30th).

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



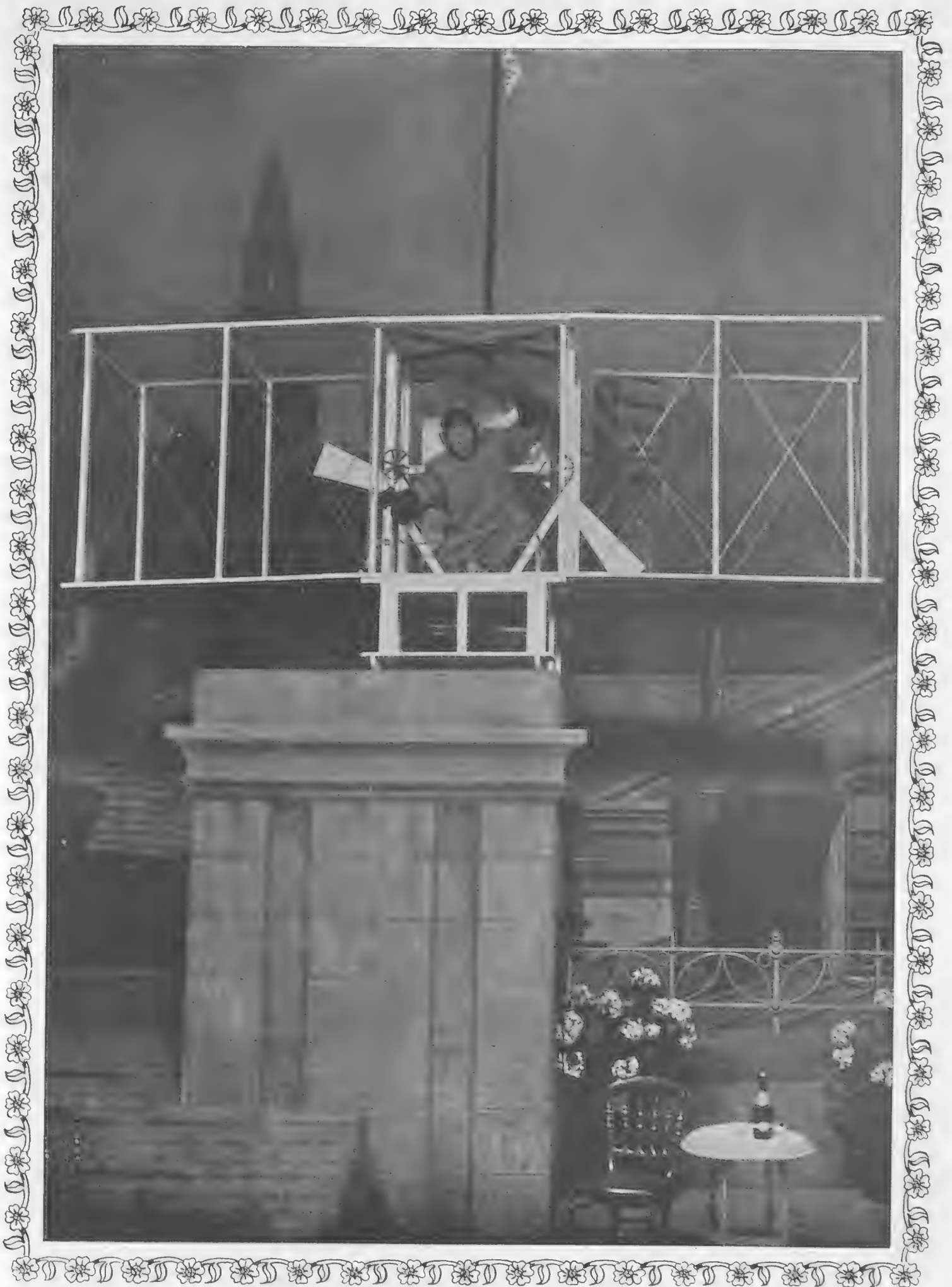
MR. HERBERT EASON AND THE HON. MRS. HERBERT EASON, WHOSE MARRIAGE TOOK PLACE LAST WEEK.

Mrs. Eason is the daughter of Lord and Lady Clanmorris. Mr. Eason is Senior Ophthalmic Surgeon at Guy's.



Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

A FLYING-MACHINE ON THE STAGE: "THE FLY-BY-NIGHT,"
AT THE PALACE.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE AERO: RUPERT (MR. SEYMOUR HICKS) ALIGHTS ON A ROOF.

Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss made their first appearance on the music-hall stage the other day, at the Palace, in the playlet, "The Fly-by-Night." In this, Mr. Seymour Hicks is Rupert, the aero; and Miss Ellaline Terriss, Cicely, the aéroïne. When "What Every Woman Knows" returns to the Duke of York's, Miss Ellaline Terriss will go to the Hicks Theatre, there to play the Duc de Richelieu in a musical version of "A Court Scandal." Later on, Mr. Hicks will be seen in Richard Harding Davis's play, "The Dictator."—[Photograph by Foulsham and Bamfield.]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



THE G.O.M. REDIVIVUS! MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, WHO IS TO STAND FOR PARLIAMENT.

Photograph by T. Chidley.

was, in the last reign, allowed to interfere with the family festivity. It once happened that a bewildered great personage from a foreign Court, who saw, as he thought, kisses being generally exchanged, offered his salute to an august cheek, which was saved only by the plucky interposition of the cheek of a Lady-in-Waiting. Not even Sir Walter Raleigh was so graciously thanked for the service of his cloak as was that lady for the sacrifice of her blushes.

The King's Limners.

There is always a story being told in Brighton; and it may be a "story," too, in the invidious sense of the epithet. Just now, of course, it is always the story of a King, and there is generally a Sassoon in it. In this case there are also some mortals, some promenade seats, and a pot of paint. The mortals liked to wait opposite the house at which his Majesty was royally entertained, to see his goings-out and his comings-in. And they were abetted in their curiosity by the adjacent seats, until it occurred to somebody to have the seats repainted anew every morning.

Handy-Andy. The Queen is brave enough to give a bold advertisement to General Booth, and she does it with an unreserve and an absence of the conventional epithet that double its value. "Have felt so much for you, and hope operation successful, and trust you are getting on towards complete recovery, and that the sight" etc. Nothing, at this season of appeals, could be more handy, and nothing, one may say, more *andy*. The Queen has evidently nothing to do with the latest school of young Parisian journalists, who forswear all use of the word *and*. It is an age of sacrifice: there is always something to do without. But the Queen's renunciations evidently happen to run in quite another groove.

Prince and Connoisseur. Mr. Dowdeswell, to whose picture-galleries the Princess of Wales took Prince Edward the other day, has never before accepted instruction from so youthful a critic. Having pointed out Sir Edward Poynter's and Sir Charles Holroyd's water-colours to his visitors, who seemed thoroughly aware of those gentlemen's services in the guardianship of the

THE New Year, at its birth a great disturber of the nation's sleep, has always been very cordially received at Windsor Castle. The custom to mingle the sound of hearty family salutations with the chimes of midnight has long obtained in the very large royal circle that gathers for the occasion; and no stranger's presence

nation's pictures, Mr. Dowdeswell was asked for a magnifying-glass, in order that the little naval cadet might draw his own conclusions as to the technique of other works upon the walls. Unlike his predecessor on the seas, Prince Edward put the glass to an eye

that was by no means blind. In ten minutes he seemed to know as much about painting as the average artist; and if in the evening he learnt at the theatre as much about merriment and widowhood, it will not take many Christmas holidays to complete his education.

The Town Bird. Christmas in town! The programme had, perhaps, a dismal sound, but the reality proved to be delightful enough to a larger number of families that have eaten their turkey in town than ever before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Of course, the great hotels have helped to make the change, and all of them were full of diners. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe fled from the crowd to Floors Castle on the day that Lord and Lady Granville arrived in town. New names appeared in the hotel books as soon as old ones disappeared; and Christmas Day at a great hotel has become a recognised British institution.

A Lucky Lot. The Pagets have always been renowned for their fortune in love and war. Moreover, a Paget—Sir James—made nearly the greatest income enjoyed by even a doctor of the Victorian era. Nor has the family luck turned, for now we have one Paget coming as Bishop from Ipswich to Stepney, and another winning for wife Miss Lily Henniker-Heaton. Lucky Pagets! The Bishop gets within reach of his club (of course, the Athenæum—the only club, Henry Kingsley used to say a little fatuously, that wives should allow their husbands to join), and to this extent illustrates afresh Sydney Smith's saying that it is only Bishops who do not suffer by translation. But it is Mr. Berkeley Paget whom everybody envies and congratulates to-day on having, even for a Paget, a quite exceptional bit of luck.

Knight and Squire. If Dickens was industrious in the study of the life of the London streets, his reader, Sir Squire Bancroft, may be said to be a slave to their fascination. His tall figure may be more often met with anywhere between 18, Berkeley Square and Garrick Street than that of any other Londoner, unless exception be made of the melancholy gentleman who bestows his blessings and his pamphlets broadcast. Sir Squire hopes this winter to complete the huge sum of £20,000, which he had set himself to earn for the hospitals by his readings of "A Christmas Carol."



SON OF A BRILLIANT "YOUNG STATESMAN"; MR. P. WYNDHAM JUN., SON OF MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Photograph by T. Chidley.



A CHRISTMAS PRINCESS: PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

The Princess was born two days after the Christmas Day of 1899.—[Photograph by Maudy.]

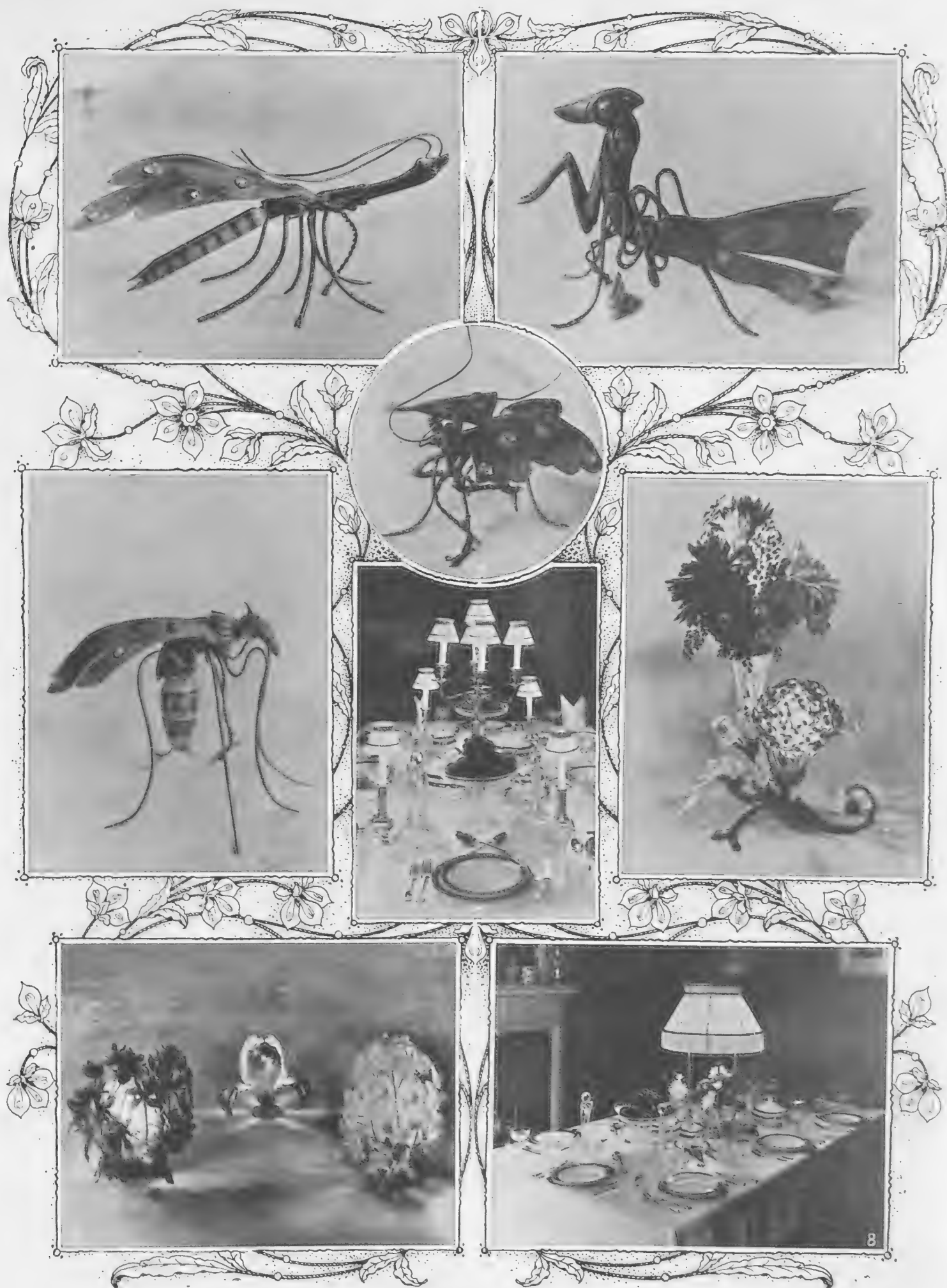


THE PRINCE WHO HAS BECOME A MONK: FATHER RAYMUND, PRINCE LOEWENSTEIN, AS A DOMINICAN MONK.

The Prince, who is in his seventy-fourth year, has renounced the pomps and vanities of the world, and became a Dominican monk this month.—[Photograph by Haackel.]

THE MAGIC TABLE-CLOTH: AN ELECTRIC COVER.

ORNAMENTS THAT LIGHT UP WHEN THEY ARE PLACED ON THE ELECTRIC TABLE-CLOTH.



NOS. 1, 2, 3, AND 4. ORNAMENTS THAT LIGHT UP WHEN PLACED ON THE CLOTH.

5. A TABLE LIT BY THE CLOTH.

6. AN ORNAMENTAL VASE FOR USE WITH THE TABLE-CLOTH.

7. FAIRY LAMPS LIT BY THE CLOTH.

8. ANOTHER EFFECTIVE TABLE SETTING.

The apparatus is described as follows: "It has every appearance of an ordinary baize under-cloth, and, in reality, consists of a bottom cloth of baize, into which are sewn, at regular intervals, strips of metallic braiding alternately connected at one end, the whole terminating in a length of flexible cord which can be attached to a floor-plug under the table. Upon this under-cloth an upper-cloth, specially treated upon the under side with a coating of india-rubber, rendering the same completely waterproof, is sewn, entirely enclosing the rows of metallic braiding, and, as a whole, having the appearance of an ordinary under-cloth. The fittings to be illuminated are either provided with a short length of flexible cord and special connector, or the connector is attached to the under-side of the fitting permanently, in which case the use of flexible cord is entirely done away with. . . . These connectors consist of two sharp metallic points, connected to the flexible cord or wiring of the fitting, as the case may be, the points being the means of conveying the current from the metallic braiding in the interior of the cloth to the lamps in the fitting, it being only necessary to press the points through the outer linen tablecloth and the upper waterproofed cloth to make the necessary connection."—[Photographs by Clarke and Hyde.]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

By E. F. S. (Honour)

"PINKIE AND THE FAIRIES"—"OOP AT KIERSTENAN"—"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"—"DOROTHY."

PROBABLY by now "Pinkie and the Fairies" is prodigiously successful. There are grounds for believing—mere intrinsic evidence—that what was given on the first night was not exactly what Mr. Graham Robertson had originally written, and therefore it is likely that the transformation process has been continued, for we had a book the merits of which were rather literary than dramatic. I feel bound to protest against the treatment of some of my oldest friends—to wit, Cinderella, and Sleeping Beauty, and the Beast; Jack the Giant-Killer and Jack of the Beanstalk always seemed rather truculent fellows. Still, from the beginning there was much in "Pinkie" to give pleasure to the old, to the young, and to the middle-aged, who are both young and old. Even if it had been weak, Miss Elsie Craven would have pulled it through. Hers was one of the biggest personal triumphs that I can recollect, and yet she has not reached her teens. Probably one has to go back to the days of Master Betty for a parallel case, and I have a suspicion that, although he was the rage, "the infant Roscius" must have been a terrible bore. Happy, yet unhappy, Miss Craven, who at the age of ten or thereabouts has started so high that during the rest of her life movement with her can hardly be progress. There are plenty of clever people in the story of the children who were invited to the fairies' ball; one of the cleverest is Pinkie herself, or, rather, Miss Iris Hawkins, also an ungrown-up young person, who acted with perfect *aplomb* and a sense of humour, and said her songs capitally. There was Miss Marie Löhr, the unspoilt darling of our stage, fresh from triumphs in "Faust," and delightful as Cinderella, though vexed that a temporary strain prevented her from dancing, and risking a step or two to show what gifts she has. And Ellen Terry; fancy Ellen Terry taking a sort of back

seat!—Ellen Terry as a comparatively unimportant elderly aunt, but bubbling over with merriment and tender sentiment, and going a-maying as if she were still in the spring of life. Who could ask for a more stately Sleeping Beauty than Miss Viola Tree, happily christened in anticipation of the music in her, which welled out in beautiful singing? And Beauty, who married the Beast, really was a beauty in the person of Miss Winifred Beech, who showed some talent as well as much comeliness. Master Philip Tonge, who acted capitally as Tommy, is already a player of reputation, and still much too young to be called "Mister"; whilst his senior, Mr. Frederick Volpé, was very droll as stodgy old Uncle Geoffrey. There were two singing Fairies, unnamed by the programme, that certainly deserve to be mentioned. Words to describe the beauty of some of the scenes are not easily found;

passages. It must be added that some of Mr. Frederick Norton's music is very pretty, even if occasionally he is rather too ambitious.

There was promising material in "Oop at Kierstenan," the latest production of "The Play Actors" at the Court Theatre.

The authoress, Miss Bertha Graham, seems to have studied life in Yorkshire with some care. Old Kierstenan, now dead, had founded a business from which his son George had run away. George and his cousin Ada were poetical, ridiculous people with a passion for spreading culture among the working classes. Much of the piece was quite interesting. George had in his absence married an agreeable, sensible wife, who threw herself with energy into the business, and the result was that she fell in love with Adam Raby, the manager, a rough and honest Yorkshireman, a well-drawn character, admirably played by Mr. Fewless Llewellyn. Their indiscretion led to a blackmailing attack by one of the mill hands, a girl of spirit; and here again there came a really able piece of acting by Miss Eline Foster. The end was that Adam had to go, and Mrs. George stayed behind to do the best she could with her husband. A certain inability on the part of the characters to say the right thing rather injured what might otherwise have been an effective little play. Miss Beryl Faber played with a true sense of character and an attractive simplicity as the wife, and Mr. Clarence Derwent and Miss Marguerite Cellier did their best with the thankless parts of George and Ada.

Everybody knew that "What Every Woman Knows" would have a long run, so it was not astonishing that the Barrie play found a new home when it had to leave the Christmas establishment of "Peter Pan," and it will not be surprising if, a few months hence,

the delightful piece is entitled to another change of quarters. The original company is still at Mr. Barrie's command, and nobody would like any important change—indeed, another Maggie than that of Miss Hilda Trevelyan is unimaginable; another John Shand than Mr. Gerald Du Maurier would be unendurable, and it is agreeable to have the whole Wylie family intact. No doubt, the aristocrats are a little bit out of the picture. Nobody can blame Miss Lillah McCarthy or Mrs. Tree for this, since they present them admirably.

"Dorothy" had a big reception on the revival at the New Theatre, and might enjoy another run if the company could be kept together. Mr. Hayden Coffin had quite a triumph, and delivered "Queen of My Heart" with immense fervour. Mr. Arthur Williams was as funny as ever in the character of Lurcher. Miss Constance Drever sang and acted charmingly in the name-part, and, of course, Miss Louie Pounds delighted everybody.



THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES INCOGNITA:
MISS ELSIE CRAVEN.

As we note elsewhere in our issue, Miss Craven has made a great "hit" as the Fairy Queen in "Pinkie and the Fairies."

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD," AT THE
LYCEUM: MISS D. CRASKE AS THE PRINCE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.



PRINCIPAL BOY AT THE LYCEUM: MISS
DOROTHY CRASKE AS THE PRINCE.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

one would require the pen of a Ruskin—who, apparently, was made fun of by Mr. Robertson—to give any idea of them. The poor journalist has no jewelled words at his command with which to paint such purple

ABOARD THE SAVOY LUGGER AGAIN: "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE."



1. MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS THE PIRATE KING.

2. MR. HENRY HERBERT AS FREDERICK.

3. MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS THE PIRATE KING.

4. MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AS THE SERGEANT OF POLICE.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Where Time Pants
After Us.**

New Year's Eve, the Russian correspondent of a London daily found St. Petersburg ringing out the Old and ringing in the New, even as and when we do at home. Unfortunately, in cabling the thing as having already happened on our first of January, he forgot a trifling essential—that the Russian first of January trots along thirteen days after ours, and that the New Year festivities which he had luminously portrayed were not due to take place until our Jan. 14. That is a thing for enterprising correspondents to remember.

**The Return
of the Native.**

Musical philanthropists who contemplate bestowing gifts of melody upon country neighbours this New Year would be well advised first to spy out the land. Music does not invariably charm the savage breast, as witness the experiences of a well-intentioned party from a military town a year or two ago. A dozen miles away lies a village which had never known a concert for twenty years. Forth fared the martial men of music and their ladies, to make each rustic heart an abode of joy and thanksgiving. The audience was large but undemonstrative. As item after item of the programme was given, parties of twos and threes stole out of the hall. Presently the exodus became more pronounced, until, long before the concert ended, none but the performers occupied the hall. The locals, for some reason or other, were mightily offended with the whole attempt to entertain them, and went sullenly to ground outside the concert-chamber—under hedges and behind walls. Each man was armed, if not with sods of turf, at least with one brick; and all together, with one consent, waited stolidly for the emergence of the songsters. The latter were besieged in their hall until the last train home had departed.

**Easternising and
Westernising.**

His friend the Sultan must have been cheered to hear of Kaiser William's good resolution to turn teetotaler. In the matter of abstinence from the insidious cup, the Orientals have a decided pull over the men of the Occident, and Sir Evelyn Wood makes no bones about his belief that the cold-water soldier of the Turkish Army is the finest fighting-man in the whole world. But with all their merits, the men of the East have their falls from grace, as the late Shah of Persia exemplified in this matter of alcohol. It did not escape the attention of Queen Victoria. When his late all-else-transcending Majesty had been on a visit to her, his name cropped up apropos of one of her Indian servants. Someone present ventured the belief that the latter would be steadier than others in his

station, inasmuch as his religion forbade him to drink intoxicating liquors. "Our friend the Shah has got over *that* prejudice, at any rate," laughed her Majesty.

An Eclipse.

Our Old Age Pensions are succeeding, where the Census failed, in bringing to light some miracles of longevity. Some of the stories which the papers are printing invite investigation rather than acceptance. The public memory is short, or some of these histories of the ages might recall a monumental "sell" in which the ordinarily careful *New York Sun* was a few years ago involved. It seized with joy and printed from another paper the following little romance: "There was a very old man from Meriwether in attendance at Pike Superior Court yesterday. He was so feeble in appearance that some of his old acquaint-

ances asked him his age. 'Well,' he said, 'if I live to see February 31 I shall be one hundred and fifteen years old. A remarkable fact connected with my construction is that I haven't a tooth in my head.' Opening his mouth and pointing to his smooth, toothless gums, he continued: 'I was born that way. And the strange thing is, my youngest son and eldest daughter also were born that way.' It is to be hoped that the *Sun* is not still waiting for a February 31 to discover that its heading, "Lived 115 Years Without Teeth," was not warranted by the subject-matter of the paragraph.

A Famous Hoax. Before the last echo of the Milton celebration dies away we may hear again that famous story of the impulse which



FLYING GENÉES: "THE BALLET OF BIRDLAND," AT THE NEW YORK HIPPODROME.

The "birds" are cardinals, doves, and blue linnets. Some of them fly over the heads of the audience during the ballet.

drew the poet to Italy. It was quite a charming idyll. Overcome by languor, the poet, one day in his youth, reclined at the foot of a tree and deeply slept. Two ladies passing on their way from Cambridge found him, and paused to admire the drowsy god. One, the younger and more lovely, charmed by his beauty, drew pencil and paper from her pocket, and having written lines upon the paper, put it with trembling hands into his own. Milton, awaking, was told by watchful friends what had passed, and scanning the paper, found verses addressed to those "human stars," his eyes! The lady was a daughter of sunny Italy, and thither in quest of her he hastened. It was this romantic adventure which inspired the most impassioned touches in "Paradise Lost." The story was embodied in many editions of modern biography, and successive editors gravely discussed it and sought and found parallels! Alas! It was all a fake—one of the many ingenious and unscrupulous fabrications of George Steevens, the Puck of commentators, as he was called. If his shade revisits sublunary scenes, it must latterly have become more pale at the possibility of the invention starting as serious biography, afresh upon its pilgrimage.

MILK - EAU !



THE CHEERY MILKMAN: Looks very like rain this mornin', Sir.
THE MAN WITH THE JUG: Yes, it does!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS GWENNIE MARS, one of the stars in the galaxy of "The Follies," is happily dowered with a keen sense of humour, a fact it is perhaps superfluous to mention, for were things otherwise, she would not be a member of Mr. Pelissier's company. This gift has often stood her in good stead in meeting certain rebuffs, which she rather takes a delight in mentioning. In what she calls the "embryo stage of her histrionic existence" she "aspired" to musical comedy. With the aid of an introduction and a photograph, which she had always regarded as truthful, she succeeding in persuading a touring manager of minor reputation to give her an interview. On the appointed day, she arrived at his office, confident that a brilliant career was about to begin for her in his company. She was ushered into his presence, and she found him standing with his back to the fire, with an expression on his face which she did not find particularly pleasant. As his gaze met hers, the expression faded, and he remarked as he moved towards the door, "I am sorry I troubled you at all Miss Mars. I want only pretty girls!" Miss Mars declares there must be some connection between the effect of that interview and more recent experiences, for it has happened on several occasions that when she has been introduced to people in any of the cities or big towns outside London they have either started or finished the conversation with, "I suppose you have been to our Zoo?" The connection is probably only made by Miss Mars' happy sense of humour.

Mr. Will Dennis, the Lord Dorincourt of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which was produced at the Court on Boxing Day, is probably the only actor who possesses the highest qualification in surgery—the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons—although many other actors have been members of the medical profession. It is another interesting fact that he is the husband

of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, with whom he collaborated in "Nixie," "A Lady of Quality," and other plays. It was, indeed, in a play, entitled "The Showman's Daughter," by Mrs. Burnett, with which he had helped her, that Mr. Dennis made his first appearance on the London stage, and first used the name by which he is now known in theatrical circles instead of his own, which is Stephen Townesend. His performance was the occasion of an amusing incident, which shows how easy it is for an actor so to disguise himself that even his friends fail to recognise him.



THE REVIVAL OF "DOROTHY" AT THE NEW; MR. HAYDEN COFFIN AS HARRY SHERWOOD, HIS ORIGINAL PART.

"Dorothy" has been revived at the New for a very limited period, but may be transferred to another theatre. The first performance of this revival was the 2031st performance of the opera, which was first given at the Gaiety Theatre in September 1886.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

Mr. J. T. Grein, the well-known dramatic critic, is a friend of Mr. Townesend, and knew of his literary association with "The Showman's Daughter," although he did not know that Mr. Townesend was also playing in it. In spite of the fact that the make-up adopted by Mr. Dennis was with a

clean-shaven face, Mr. Grein, who was present at the first performance, quite failed to recognise his friend. Mr. Dennis was the next morning amused to get the following telegram, addressed by Mr. Grein to Stephen Townesend: "Can you send me Will Dennis's address?"

At no time of the year do actresses receive more letters from the public than during the pantomimes, when susceptible little boys and girls are moved to make a display of their feelings to the principal boy and girl who have delighted them with their performance.

Naturally, such letters are couched in the most complimentary terms. Miss Alice Russon, the principal girl of the Lyceum pantomime, was last year the recipient of a letter which, delightfully humorous in itself, was the exception to the usual rule, because it followed one which was not an exception. She was playing Cinderella in Liverpool, and attracted the amatory notice of a small school-boy of the city, who wrote her a long love-letter. By the same post Miss Russon also received a letter from a little girl, who was the young hopeful's sweetheart, or on obtaining whose affections she had set her desires before Cinderella stole his fickle heart away. Be that as it may, however, the damsel stated that the boy had told her he was going to write to Cinderella, and she objected very much to his doing so, as she herself was very fond of him. Furthermore, feeling the hopelessness of her position against the glamour of a lady who exchanged her rags for the most magnificent dress in the piece, and wore slippers of glass on her tiny feet, while her appearance was aided by every adventitious aid known to the perruquier's art, the child added, with no little venom of expression, that she supposed that without her stage dress and her make-up Miss Russon was a "hideous little pig," and ought to be ashamed of herself for coming between her and her "best boy," and that she hated her as she had never hated anyone before!



A PLAYER IN "JACK STRAW": MISS DAGMAR WIEHE.
Photograph by Ellis and Walery.

It is not only actresses, however, who receive curious letters. Occasionally, though more rarely, actors do. Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, for instance, who is playing his original part of Slightly, in "Peter Pan," for the fifth season, received a letter addressed to Master Slightly Soiled, Duke of York's Theatre, St. Martin's Lane, London, during the last revival. Here is a copy of it, not edited for the purposes of publication—

DEAR MASTER SLIGHTLY,—My Mother is going to take me again to see Peter Pan the week after nex. I shall be wearing a wite jersey and if you see me wave your hand to me. I'm sorry you were so young when you went to the never never land I want to go there so much. I did try once but I lost myself and Mother found me in a Policestation. I suppose thats not the never never never land. Phylis thats my little sister she's four wants to know why you are called Slightly Soiled. Girls are so inkwisitiv. With love from DONALD.

Give the Ostrig a big hug for me.

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JANUARY THE FIRST: UNDISPUTED CLAIMS.



WAITING FOR THEIR OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

CHARLEY MOSS'S DEVILRY.*

THE STORY OF A TURF "RAMP."

By BASIL TOZER.

(Author of "The Horse in History," "A Daughter of Belial," etc.)

A MAN secretly disliked by Charlie Moss was Sir Cuthbert Burke, sixth baronet of that name.

Charlie Moss had begun life some fifteen years before the period of the following narrative as a racecourse "ticket-snatcher." Of a naturally thrifty disposition, he had hoarded his "earnings" until they had amounted to a sum sufficient to enable him to start making a book upon the course instead of snatching tickets there, and from that time forward he had been so amazingly successful—if success be judged by the accumulation of money by means fair or unfair—that now as he rode slowly homeward along the country lanes he was the owner of land and a cosy manor house in Devonshire, had four or five 'chasers of his own training, and was hail-fellow-well-met with men and women who a dozen years before would have turned their backs upon him.

As the cob jugged slowly along, Charlie Moss's thoughts gradually became centred upon the young baronet, who though deeply embarrassed pecuniarily was popular with almost everybody. Happy-go-lucky Irish baronets, especially when fond of racing, seldom leave large fortunes behind them, and the late Sir Cuthbert had proved no exception to the rule. His successor, "Bertie Burke" as everybody called him, brought up in the saddle and in an atmosphere of sport, had upon inheriting the remnants of his father's shattered fortune decided to turn his attention seriously to steeplechasing as a means of livelihood, riding between the flags being one of several outdoor pursuits in which he quite excelled.

But the profits to be derived from owning, training, and riding steeplechasers, though considerable "on paper," are almost non-existent in reality even when the owner understands the business thoroughly and is in addition a finished horseman with the requisite qualifications. Consequently Burke's horses had disappointed him, and now after playing the game for seven years, ever hoping that his luck would turn, he no longer owned a horse fit to enter in any race worth winning; his property in Connaught, encumbered when it had come to him, was deeply mortgaged; and the slender income upon which he lived was derived almost wholly from the fees that he received from riding horses which were not his own.

"If only," Moss suddenly said, speaking his thoughts aloud, "he were not so mighty particular about what I suppose he would call 'integrity' . . ."

The sentence ended in his thoughts. Then all at once a sound behind him made him turn round in his saddle. Fifty yards away a young man mounted on a well-shaped bay was coming up at an easy trot.

"Evening, Charlie," Burke exclaimed as he came within speaking distance. "I shouted twice to you, but you didn't hear. I am glad we have met as I have been wanting to talk to you about Tuesday's race that you and I are interested in."

"Tuesday's race?" Moss answered, looking at the young man rather oddly.

Burke laughed lightly.

"The race you are so anxious that I should lose," he said.

"You can't win it, anyway," Moss replied sharply.

"You think not? And what is to beat The Fawn?"

"I merely say you won't win," the other answered doggedly.

For some moments the two rode on in silence. At last Moss spoke again, and now his tone was amiable. He was about to change his tactics.

"Sir Bertie."

"Yes?"

"Look here—I hear on all sides that you are desperately hard up."

"I am. There is no secret about that."

"Wouldn't it be awkward if you were made bankrupt?"

"Very. But I shall not be, so don't let that worry you."

"Oh, it doesn't worry me. Now see, Sir Bertie"—he drew his horse nearer to his companion's, and became suddenly confidential—"have you carefully thought over the suggestion I hinted at the other day? It's not too late to change your mind, you know, and if Major Stanley's Fawn that you are to ride should be beaten . . ."

"Well, go on. What would happen?"

Moss looked about him, then added almost in a whisper,

"You could put as much as a monkey—more, a monkey and two ponies into your pocket on the Monday following."

Sir Cuthbert did not at once answer. His eyes were set steadily on Moss's face.

"Well, Moss," he asked presently, "what do you propose that I should do to put these 'animals' into my pocket?"

"Simply this," the other went on hurriedly, suddenly taking heart. "There are six entries for the race, Sir Bertie, as you know. Now, I have three of them as tight as wax—and it cost me a bit to do it, I can tell you. The two I have not troubled about have not an 'earthly.' Now, Vixen is certain to start at a long price, whereas your mount, The Fawn, will be a hot favourite most likely—she was quoted at evens this afternoon. Sir Bertie, be in with me just this once and a monkey and two ponies shall be yours on settling day. That is a deal, eh?"

Sir Cuthbert Burke studied his companion's face again, as an entomologist might consider some specimen of unusual interest.

"Charlie," he said at last, good-humouredly enough, "I have met some scoundrels, first and last, but you are about the limit. If I had evidence to produce, you would be off the turf to-morrow. But here's where we part. Good-night."

He turned his horse towards a lane that branched off the road they were in, and some moments later had kicked him into a trot; while Charlie Moss, speechless with vexation and disappointment, rode on towards his home.

On the eve of the day of the race that Moss had tried to "square" outright, Bertie Burke and his handsome sister sat alone after dinner in the cottage that they rented in the north of Devonshire.

"I confess," the girl exclaimed, cutting a train of gloomy thought that had obsessed her brother since he had been talking over with her the subject of the approaching race. "that I can't see how The Fawn can well be beaten. Even supposing the three rascals Moss has bought all hope to ride you out, or shut you in, or play one of their other common tricks, they can't do it if you jump off with the lead and keep it—and The Fawn should be able to do that, I think, don't you? One thing is certain, anyway. Neither The Fawn nor any other horse in Major Stanley's stables can be 'got at.'"

"Moss will stick at nothing when he stands to win in thousands," her brother answered irritably.

"But what *can* he do?" the girl exclaimed, laughing, though at heart she felt as anxious as her brother.

"Oh, I don't know. Look here, let us go to bed. It is awfully late."

"And to think," he said as he kissed her good-night, "that that ticket-snatching thief, before he made this suggestion to me, should have dared to hint that he would like to propose marriage to you! The very thought makes me hot all over."

Borne on the breeze the roar of the ring, subdued by distance, reached a group of interested spectators gathered about an open space where six horses had already several times tried to get into line. Within the half hour that had just elapsed, disquieting rumours about the favourite's chance had spread rapidly in the enclosures and thence all over the course, and for one of those unexplainable reasons that racing men are but too familiar with The Fawn's price, from being "odds on," had steadily lengthened out. Between the starting-post and the stands lay eight or ten hundred yards. Yet the raucous cries of the betting men could be heard at the post quite distinctly. Mechanically Sir Cuthbert listened.

"Two to one The Fawn!" was the shout that suddenly came to him, "Three to one Little Darling! . . . Eight to one Vixen! Ten to one. . . ."

What was happening? What had the betting men heard that they should thus turn against The Fawn, which earlier in the day had been a hot favourite? A strange presentiment that some disaster impended crept over Burke, but at that moment the starter's inquiry came again in a sharp tone:

"All ready?" There was an instant's pause, then the flag was dashed down—"Go!"

Almost on the word The Fawn sprang into her stride. Bertie Burke, rising in his stirrups, sped out motionless a length ahead, and a moment after was two lengths ahead. He had ridden The Fawn twice before, and each time he had won with her, and to-day, during the preliminary canter, it had struck him that she seemed even fitter than on either of those occasions.

The first five fences The Fawn jumped like a dog. At a sharp turn

[Continued overleaf.]

* The incident upon which the following story turns occurred in Yorkshire in the 'sixties.—B. J. T.

THE DARING DAMSEL AND THE WICKED BARON.



MISS PHYLLIS DARE AS CINDERELLA, AND MR. DAN ROLYAT AS THE BARON, IN "CINDERELLA,"
AT THE ADELPHI.

Although Miss Phyllis Dare has appeared in pantomime for quite a number of years, the present production at the Adelphi has given her her first opportunity of being seen in pantomime in the West End of London.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.

beyond the stands where a river flowed deep and slow, Burke bent slightly forward and without turning glanced back. The field was bunched together, it seemed to him in that brief glimpse, though Vixen's scarlet jacket had appeared to be forging ahead of them. Now the ditch was very near and intuitively he sank down into his saddle. A moment later the mare had cleared it literally in her stride.

When twelve jumps had been accounted for, Bertie Burke began to grow perplexed, for to his astonishment The Fawn had suddenly started catching hold. At the fourth fence from home, indeed, he found it hard to keep her straight. At the third she was pulling harder still. At the next he could hardly hold her. After that he became aware that she was doing her best to bolt, for snatching wildly at her bit, and swerving this way and that, she tore onward down the course as though fifty devils were behind her. And still her pace increased. Still yawing about, and slewing from side to side, she came down like a whirlwind towards the final fence. Now her neck was stretched and stiff, her head lowered, her muzzle pointing at the ground and barely a foot above it, her terrified and bloodshot eyes seeming to start out of their sockets.

Burke set his teeth and the grip of his thighs tightened. At such a pace this last fence meant certain death unless she cleared it. Now it was sixty yards off; now it was fifty; now it was less than forty. With a quick turn of the hands he wound a rein round each wrist, then, letting brute strength take the place of horsemanship, he leant far back in his saddle so that the whole weight of his body bore evenly on each rein. The fence loomed large ahead. His heels closed sharply on the mare's flanks exactly in time with her stroke, and the shock startled her as he had hoped it would. In the nick of time her head shot up . . . she saw the fence. . . leapt madly in the air. . .

A mighty roar swept over the vast crowd as she landed with feet to spare; but Sir Cuthbert hardly heard it for the wind shrieking in his ears almost deafened him to all else.

And now a broad green strip stretched out ahead, narrowing in front of him between parallel dark lines of human beings and of crowded vehicles, enclosures and towering stands, the latter seeming almost to sway beneath the surging sea of blurred faces in their thousands. Past the post the mare tore with lowered head and outstretched neck, her heart beating so distinctly now that he felt it throbbing through her. Again and again he tried to check her, for travelling at that mad pace she could not, as he well knew, by any possibility turn where the course turned a hundred or so yards ahead and close to the river's edge. Then all at once a thought struck him, and shaking the stirrups from his feet he set The Fawn straight for the unguarded bank that hung out over the river's edge not fifty yards in front of him.

The resounding splash as she plunged into the deep water ten yards out beyond the bank was heard in the stands and the enclosures. Ten, twenty, nearly forty seconds passed, and then the hundreds of people who already had hurried to the river's bank and were staring down into the water, shouting and gesticulating, saw something green rising slowly, though still far beneath the surface. Soon Burke's green jacket became clearly visible, and a few minutes afterwards the rider himself lay panting and exhausted upon the grass, hemmed in by an undesirable crowd.

For the reappearance of The Fawn, however, they watched in vain.

When two days later Bertie Burke returned to his cottage in the north of Devonshire his sister found him full of news.

"The Fawn's body has been found at last," he said. "Marjorie, we have discovered now why the poor beast went stark mad."

"No!"

He tried her patience by lighting a cigar.

"It seems," he went on as he sank into a great armchair, "that the saddle had been 'doctored.' What is that? 'Who did it?' Well, suspicion rests strongly upon a man who works, or rather worked (he has disappeared now) for Major Stanley's saddler. Some days ago this man called, saying he had instructions to take away the saddle I was to ride in, to do something to the stuffing, and the groom in charge let him have it without further question."

"But what on earth did he do to it?"

"What do you think?"

"Oh, I have not the least idea."

"He put some quicklime into it—apparently a small layer just inside the thin lower lining. When the mare began to sweat, of course the quicklime became wetted and began to burn most frightfully. The flesh below the saddle, when we got the saddle off last night, was horrible to look at. The blackguard probably thought, as one naturally would, that the agony caused by the burning lime would make the mare stop dead and begin to buck, or else send her headlong into the next fence. What a clipper she was, Marjorie, to jump those last fences in the way she did in spite of the agony she must have been in. By heaven, what a good plucked 'un!"

The girl did not answer, but the look in her flaming eyes betrayed her feelings.

"Have you seen Moss since?" she said at last, with an effort to speak calmly.

Burke laughed.

"No, he has been suddenly called abroad."

"And The Fawn has been disqualified, of course, as you were not able to weigh in."

"Why, Marjorie," he exclaimed, sitting up, "how stupid of me not to have told you the most important news of all. No, she has now been awarded the race. There was a great deal of argument and discussion, but in the end the objection was, under the very exceptional circumstances, overruled. Hullo! What is the matter?"

For his sister had sprung to her feet and was now almost tumbling over him in her excitement.

"I never told you—I didn't dare to tell you, Bertie!" she cried out, "but a fortnight or so ago I determined, in a fit of desperation at the fearful financial straits that we were in, to risk bringing off a coup on this race—the last time I shall ever run such a risk, dear,

that I promise you, for the anxiety and strain during these last days has been too frightful. So I got Major Davy—to whom, as I may as well now tell you, I have for some weeks past been engaged—to take nearly all the jewellery I possessed, and sell it, and with the sum back The Fawn for me at the price she then stood at. He got four hundred and eighty pounds for the jewellery and things, and got the whole lot on to The Fawn at seven to one, though he declares he did it 'strictly under protest.'"

She stopped, almost gasping with excitement. For some moments Bertie Burke did not speak. He looked her up and down once or twice, however, and then gave a low whistle.

"Marjorie," he said at last, "I am glad you are going to marry. It is high time somebody looked after you, though after this bit of madness I begin to doubt Major Davy's sanity as well as yours. 'Strictly under protest'! I should say it was, indeed. Don't you know that the safest jumper in the world can make a mistake and fall, you madcap?"

Then his face broadened into a great smile.

"At any rate, you have saved the situation," he added, "and—well, as you have promised never to do it again I suppose for this once I must overlook your escapade."

"Three thousand three hundred and sixty pounds," he said in an undertone. "Phew!"

THE END.



[DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.]

AUNTIE (after listening to the tale of woe): It serves you right, Tommy.

All little boys who play marbles on Sunday always lose them.

TOMMY: Well, how about Billy?—he's won 'em all!

ANOTHER " 'ORRID 'OAX ! "



THE AMATEUR: Ah, my boy, what would that old oak say if it could speak?
THE EXPERT: It would say, "I am an elm!"

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

NEW YEARNINGS.



THE SON OF TOIL (*looking up as the church clock strikes on New Year's Day*): 'What, only ten o'clock! Phe-e-w! This is going to be a long year.'

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

PRESIDENT CASTRO has been described as a modern Napoleon, and it now seems as if the famous Dictator of Venezuela had met his Iron Duke in the person of General Gomez, who has brought about the downfall of the man who "held up" European diplomacy for so long and so successfully. Cipriano Castro is a typical half-breed, for though by courtesy a Creole, he has Indian blood in his veins, and looks at times like one of Fenimore Cooper's heroes. Like certain noted Scots who have risen to great wealth and fame, Castro began life as a herdboy, and as a youth he served for a time in one of the primitive "general shops" which are a feature of all South American townships. But he was not born to be a grocer, for the fighting instinct was strong upon him, and he soon became a prominent leader of the revolutionary and lawless elements in Venezuela. Then, in 1899, came his great chance: he overthrew Andrade, was proclaimed President,

would carry to his own grave the scar of a lost opportunity. Even where a man inherits a fortune, the deviser of the fortune has many opportunities of making his heir the most unhappy among men. One such imposition is that of a change of name. A man the other day was left a property conditionally on his taking a name that is ignominious, and, being poor, he took it. A tyranny of the Dead Hand this, which Parliament must shortly control.



THE FALLEN PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA: SEÑOR CIPRIANO CASTRO AND HIS WIFE IN BERLIN.

General Gomez has assumed the lead of Venezuela, and has formed a new Cabinet. It is said that he intends to placate the many Powers offended by his predecessor.—[Photograph by Rolak.]

and very soon proved himself a masterful and popular dictator. His ignorance of any country outside his own long stood him in good stead, and the story goes that, when it was suggested to him that no motor-car tyres could hope to live any time on the rude pavements of his capital, he answered haughtily that he did not suppose any town in Europe was so well paved! Castro belongs to the race of mighty fighters, eaters, and drinkers. He loves amusement, especially dancing, and his rule is truly democratic, for all

originally fell to his lot—"J. A. W."

An Incongruous Luncheon. Lord and Lady Wolseley,

after an agreeable visit to Mentone, are now in Egypt, and will stay there for the remainder of the winter. The scene of so many of his old triumphs will surely prove reviving to the spirits of the Field-Marshal, who has on that soil a memory of peace stronger than any memory of war. For one day, he sat in the shade of a Pyramid with a friend, and together they made a meal on dried pemmican they had prepared

The Initial Mistake.

Parents even are rather careless, and, unconsciously, rather cruel in the naming of their children. One public man's initials, if he used all his names, would spell "F. O. O. L.," and many boys get the goad at school because their boxes are inscribed "A. S. S." Whistler showed his wit when he dodged the nickname that would certainly have stuck close to him had he not changed his name so that his initials came to be "J. M. W.," instead of those which



THE REVIVAL OF RINKING: TRICK ROLLER SKATING AT OLYMPIA—PROFESSOR MONAHAN SKATING ON A MOVING BARREL.

Photograph by the Sports Company.

and sundry are made welcome to the entertainments given at his palace. Mme. Castro is as gentle as her husband is fierce, and many who greatly dislike the President admire and even revere his wife. During Castro's stay in Berlin he lived very quietly, and wisely refused to discuss the Venezuelan situation with anyone not qualified to help him in his present perilous position.

The Dead Hand.

Many are the miseries devised by the makers of wills, but the Nonconformist who left his chapel £100 for each of the nine deacons who should spontaneously attend his funeral was a master in the art of torture. No doubt he knew that not one would attend, and each one



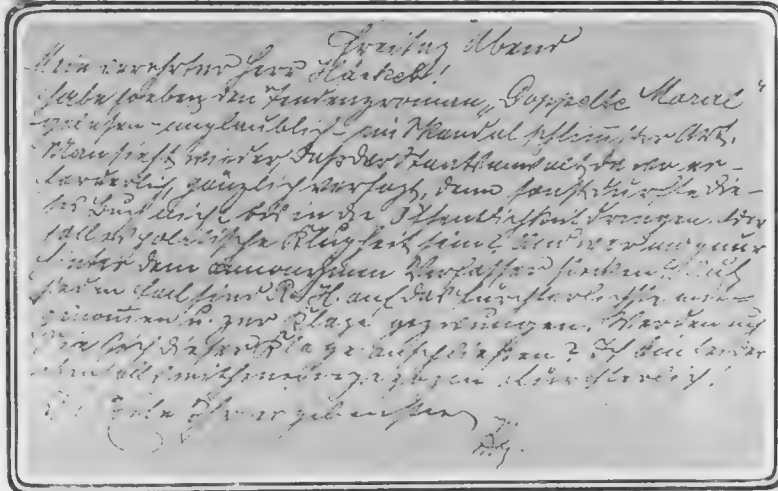
THE REVIVAL OF RINKING: ROLLER-SKATING AT OLYMPIA—PROFESSOR MONAHAN THREADING A MAZE OF CANDLES.

Photograph by the Sports Company.

in the far North, having been comrades in the Red River Expedition.

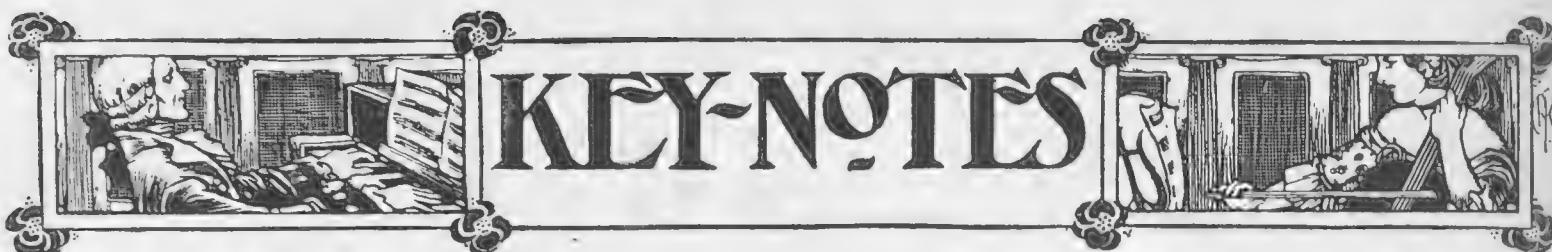
M.F.H., U.S.A.

Foxhounds, like antiques, are proving expensive luxuries to carry into America. Mr. Peter Collier, of New York, has had to pay high duty on a pack of fifty-nine, because he could not produce their pedigree papers. It seems that Mr. Collier is still to pay fines in the interest of sport. Many have been the taxes—in such guise as broken collar-bones—put upon his person, and his social gaieties are constantly interrupted by the casualties of the chase. Not even his son—"Bobby" Collier, an enthusiastic polo-player, who edits Collier's Weekly in his spare moments—is so reckless of wounds.



THE ANONYMOUS LETTER THAT CAUSED MANY TO ORDER "DOUBLE-FACED MORALITY": THE LETTER THAT HOAXED HUNDREDS OF GERMANS.

The author of "Double-faced Morality" advertised his book the other day in a manner that caused him to be arrested. He posted a hundred thousand letters like the enclosed, with the result that a large proportion of those who received the missives rushed to the booksellers and ordered the book. Translated, the letter reads: "I have just read the novel with a purpose, 'Double-faced Morality'—incredible, the very worst kind of scandal. It is quite obvious that the Public Prosecutor again fails in his duty, otherwise this book could never have been published; or is it political cleverness? And who is the anonymous author? Anyway, R. and H. are flagrantly attacked, and will have to take action. Will you also take part in this action? Unfortunately, I am compelled to! Horrible! In haste, yours faithfully, —" The signature was illegible.—[Photograph by Haeckel.]



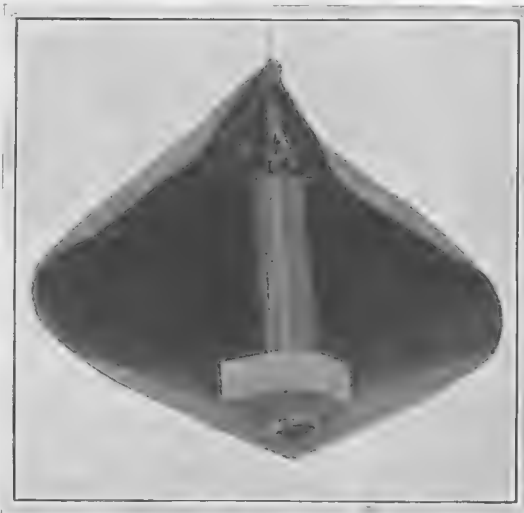
THE recent appeal to the lawyers resulting from the possibilities of a confusion in the public mind between the London Symphony Orchestra and the New Symphony Orchestra was interesting. It was stated that the last-named orchestra was being advertised in the provinces as the London New Symphony Orchestra, and this description was said by the plaintiff company to be misleading. The Judge refused an injunction, but seemed to hint that a readjustment of titles was desirable. The confusion is readily understood. Provincial audiences, outside the great provincial centres of music, are apt to look eagerly for the London trade-mark, but they do not keep quite in touch with the musical development in the Metropolis. As our London orchestras develop it is likely that the risk of confusion will develop, for while we can distinguish between the Queen's Hall Symphony, British Symphony, London Symphony, and New Symphony Orchestras, those who are not concerned directly with London music may well be pardoned if they make mistakes. Happily for our leading orchestras, there would seem to be no lack of work for all of them, and some of the very busy players must wish that they could be in two or three places at once.

It is stated in one of the daily papers that an American soprano has refused, or contemplates refusing, to sing the music of the name-part in the "Elektra" of Strauss. She has told an American interviewer that, while the opera has all the qualities of a masterpiece, some at least of the music is fatal to the voice. *Ex America semper aliquid novi*—it is quite possible that the interview will be denied, or that the statements may be modified, before these lines are in print. At the same time, all thinking people will admit that the refusal of leading artists to sing rôles that threaten the human voice would give some of our living composers a salutary lesson. Whatever the faults of the composers who flourished down to the last decades of the nineteenth century, they understood the vocal chords; and all, with the exception of Wagner, may be said to have respected them. A singer might sing for all time the music of Verdi, Gounod, Massenet, to say nothing of Meyerbeer, Rossini, Donizetti, and older men: it was written to be sung without strain or exceptional difficulty. The moderns do not bother themselves: their writing leaves a strong impression that the singer is not to derive any aid from the orchestra, but is to fight against it. Certainly "Salome" gave the writer that impression, and if "Elektra" goes farther than "Salome" it is not surprising to hear that some singers shrink from the sacrifice involved.

The concert season of 1908 will hardly be regarded with feelings of unmixed satisfaction by those who are not in the front ranks of their profession. At the top of the tree of talent or fame or notoriety there are rewards without number. Singers and players can make in a

week as much as they need for a year's sober and studious living. America is opening wide her doors and her purse to all those artists to whom the term "prodigy" may be legitimately applied. When Sims Reeves was paid a five-hundred-guinea fee for singing through a Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, all the world wondered, though the work was long and arduous. The modern artist has been known in this year of grace to receive a thousand-pound fee in return for one evening concert at a private house, and one feels that it is better from a financial standpoint to be famous for a year in these times than to have enjoyed twenty-five years' fame half-a-century ago. Unfortunately, there is another side to the question of musical progress, and it may be doubted whether young people who have moderate gifts and little money or influence were ever so badly off. There are hundreds of singers and players in London to-day who cannot command through their gifts the necessities of life, and will give their services as performers and as canvassers for the sale of tickets at small concerts in return for the chance of attracting a little passing interest. And the cry is "still they come." Academies, conservatoires, schools, and colleges are adding their annual quota to a gathering that is already unwieldy, while advertising boldly for more to come and fill the places that each term leaves vacant.

When will one of our great musical institutions muster up the necessary moral courage and warn its pupils not to regard music as a career, but merely to look upon it as a delightful accomplishment? When will some of the men who speak with authority and know the facts of the case tell the students that they can hardly hope to hold their own as performers, as pianists, violinists, and cellists against their contemporaries among the Latin and Slav races, or even against the Jewish musicians at home? As singers there is a better chance for the British student, but it is accompanied by greater risks, for there are not half-a-dozen teachers of repute in London who are agreed about voice-production, and many a voice is marred in the making. Some teachers are quacks; others are honest fools; and, oddly enough, those who can work wonders with some pupils fail altogether with others. The badly taught player can find the harbour of sound tuition at last; the badly taught singer may easily find harbour too late, for the human voice is the most delicate of all instruments until sound training has developed and strengthened it. Let us grant that the young singer or player is fortunate enough to find good teaching and sound direction. What remains when the work is over, and the young player is launched into the stormy waters of a professional career? Ask one of the concert agents, and if he will but tell you half he knows, the need for these unpleasant warnings will be apparent. COMMON CHORD.



A PALM-LEAF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT WITH PEACOCK-FEATHER-FIBRE STRINGS.

This remarkable instrument, known as the Sesandra, is used by the natives of Timor Island, Malay Archipelago, and gives a sweet tone, resembling that yielded by the cello. The neck is of bamboo, the body is a great leaf from the nipa palm, and the twenty-four strings are made from the fibres contained in the plumes of the peacock. In height the instrument is about two feet.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



THE KING'S CHIEF PIPER: MR. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell was the favourite piper of Queen Victoria.—[Photograph by Langflier.]

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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Cheerfulness on Tap.

There are all sorts of ways of being optimistic nowadays. I received this morning from New York a "Calendar of Cheer," with appropriate "messages" from known and unknown authors for every week of the blank, mysterious year on which we are just about to enter. In the beginning of January, among other items, we are urged to cultivate "economy in expenditure," while the last week has for guerdon George Du Maurier's pathetic "Envoy." In early February Robert Louis Stevenson states positively that a happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note, though it is obvious that if the happy two were together, most people would prefer the crisp rustle we associate with the paper of the Bank of England. In March you are warned by an unknown scribe "to scatter smiles" because you may not meet the recipients thereof in the coming year—which does not sound particularly cheerful. In May, one Edmund Vance Cooke inquires at length "How did you die?" which seems an unnecessary question to a person consulting a calendar; but the best literature, as well as the most courageous greetings, are all from the pen of "R.L.S.," in spite of the fact that President Roosevelt has been called in for his quota of wisdom, as well as those other celebrities, Marcus Aurelius and William Shakespeare.

Reforming Your Neighbour.

This is the time of year when, like Dolly in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play, we set about reforms—if not in ourselves, then in our neighbours. The latter, indeed, is the more popular form of bettering society. For somehow our own faults and failings hardly annoy us at all, whereas those of our friends and relations cry to heaven to be abolished. It is an ascertained fact that we are hardly conscious of the beams in our own eyes, whereas the smallest mote in the orb of a near relation or intimate friend sets up in us an irresistible desire to pluck it out. Yet, as a short cut to popularity, this effort at philanthropy is by no means to be commended. The victim—as in the Haymarket play—is apt to be restive under the treatment, and even abusive when it is over. We have all, at one time or another, roused an undying rancour in some friend by trying to improve his manners or morals.

This sport, indeed, like certain games and certain

be plucked from the eyes of one's nearest relatives, for without a little convenient social salve—which dispenses with the necessity for an operation—society could not be carried on.

Pleasure Which Does Not Please.

Vernon Lee makes an eloquent appeal to her countrymen in the current *Contemporary* on "Wasteful Pleasures." She declares that the title, "A Life of Pleasure"—once seen on a theatre poster—contained in it, for her, a terrible thought; namely, that, for the vast majority, pleasure is mainly identified with such a life, and not with study, sympathy, healthy work, or the supreme solace of art and letters. In an eloquent passage, our essayist describes the "pleasures" of the Ancien Régime in France, which led to such an abrupt and sanguinary ending: "amusements sometimes atrocious, sometimes merely futile, but all of them leaving nothing behind save the ravaged grass and stench of brimstone of burnt-out fireworks." Curiously enough, the lady thinks fox-hunting the least ignoble of our modern sports and amusements. Although it is a "type of pleasure which destroys something," there is beauty in the excitement, and a "rapture in which many ugly things vanish." For many of us, the vicious, sullen faces in the crowds at races, the loutish, brutal ones which congregate at football matches, make a nightmare which we cannot shake off. Nor are the "pleasures" of the so-called weaker sex much more edifying. When Society is reconstructed in the coming age, it will be much more drastically changed than it was in the French Revolution, for ethically we have advanced enormously during a century, and pleasure will mean something more than selfish gratification.

Women and War.

We are so constantly reminded by the superior sex that we ought not to have a vote because we cannot fight, that it must be somewhat disconcerting for the men folk to find that, whenever the guns begin to go off, you may be sure to find Woman masquerading as a soldier. That gentlest of scribes, Robert Louis Stevenson, has put it on record that "war is glorious fun," and that, failing literature, he would have chosen to be a leader of Irregular cavalry. Many girls harbour just such an ambition. Not counting such immortal captains as Boadicea and Jeanne d'Arc, there have always been Amazons in the rank and file in war-time. The Boer women shot straight and well, and occupied their trenches as pertinaciously as the men, but that did not, happily, prevent them entertaining amicable feelings for the younger British officers, which shows that it was love of "the greatest of games, war" which armed them for the fray. The young girls who take the post of danger in the Russian Revolution show equal courage with the boys; while only the other day the ladies of the Persian harems came out to fight, as among the soldiers slaughtered at Tabriz by Russian Cossacks and the Shah's troops were no fewer than sixty-seven women disguised as men. The Orient is "coming on" with a vengeance.



A SEASONABLE EVENING DRESS IN WHITE CHARMEUSE CRÊPE-DE-CHINE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



AN AFTERNOON GOWN OF PEACOCK-BLUE CHARMEUSE SATIN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

toilettes, should be strictly confined to the "home circle," for few friendships will stand the test of criticism, and presents of "bits of your mind" are the last thing in the world which people are willing to accept on New Year's Day. Motes, in short, should only

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

CHRISTMAS is over, leaving some indigestion and varied reflections. On the whole, it seems to me that a good flavour of the old-fashioned Dickens Christmas spirit lives and flourishes in a way that is quite remarkable in this age of affectations. We are quite a sincere, good, and well-meaning people, with kind hearts and a strong predilection for clean consciences in the aggregate. It is what we call up to date to belittle these attributes; so long as we refrain from practising what we preach things remain very much the same at the foundation. Witness the delight of the grown-up part of the audience over that charming children's play, "Pinkie and the Fairies." There are bits of fun here and there that appeal only to the elders. For the most part it is all for the children, and we have to find the child in us to enjoy it. That same child is never far off; we don't lose it—only mislay it at times. Miss Ellen Terry's Early Victorian grey dress, and her bunch of curls at either side of her perennially youthful face, make a delightful picture. Tommie in his flannels is a dear, and so many people have similar Tommies at home that his appeal was sure and certain. Pinkie is also true to nature, a little precocious person with lots of childlike charm. The Fairy Queen is an actress, young as she is, with a turn for comedy. Her dancing is a delight. Miss Viola Tree made a beautiful mediæval picture, and sang very artistically. The colours are very beautiful throughout. The dresses of the fairies are, as we can imagine they might be, flower-like, and never have I seen anything more realistic than the frogs!

Sheathlike dresses are, I believe, being less worn in Paris than here. This will be good news to those who have been too kind to themselves, and yet desire to be in the van of fashion. They may be saved from incurring the criticism attributed to Mr. Max Beerbohm, on seeing a stout lady in a tight dress, that there were faults on both sides. All the same, those who can fit themselves comfortably into sheaths will continue to do so.

I believe the day of the extreme cart-wheel hat is practically over. The large toque, however, makes up in heavy crown what it lacks in circumference. It is worn at the back of the head, and the hair is well dressed out at either side. The big *cloche* shape is the favourite, and is most becoming to some faces. Like all fashions, it quite fails to suit others. Whatever may be said about the size of hats, there is a decided increase in the size of heads. Hair is dressed very wide, the face appearing to be framed in it. The effect is decidedly becoming, but for motoring the style is trying. The only effective thing to do is wear a "grannie" bonnet with coal-scuttle brims, and secure it with a good veil. The picture in this case is right too, for the fluffed-out side hair takes the place of the side curls which were there in the bonnet's earlier incarnation.

On "Woman's Ways" page drawings will be found of a seasonable evening dress in white *charmeuse crêpe-de-Chine*. The trimming is of appliqué embroidery in floss silk, and a cluster of Christmas roses is fastened on the berthe. Also there is a picture of an afternoon gown of peacock-blue *charmeuse* satin, trimmed with embroidery in peacock blues and greens over an ivory-white tucked Ninon blouse. Both frocks are most suitable to include in an outfit for holiday house-parties.

A large number of people have gone to St. Moritz for Christmas. I believe that there is considerable difficulty in getting in there, at the best hotels, even now that the festive season is over. There is a distinct fashion now for the high places of the earth. They appeal greatly to the vigorous and alert of our nation, whose idea of

holidays is change of occupation and whose strength is not to sit still. The winter sports are so thoroughly enjoyed. The sunshine and the snow and the blue skies are so great a treat. Even the elders, who neither skate nor luige, love these altitudes. The Riviera is not deserted, of course: the sun and the flowers and the Mediterranean will always attract.

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster were in town for Christmas. Although the Duke has made a good recovery, it is necessary to be extremely careful after the kind of fever from which he suffered, in order to ward off a return of it. The Duchess therefore came up from Eaton Hall to spend the festive season with him. Eaton Hall and Chatsworth are two ducal homes of England wont to be filled with cheery parties which are not so this year. The Duchess of Westminster possesses some lovely jewels. A lifesize snake in superb stones is one of her treasures, which on great occasions she wears effectively on her dress. I saw recently an almost similar reptile in Parisian diamonds, worn on a black satin and tulle dress. Women who possess a few fine jewelled ornaments have reason to be grateful to the Parisian Diamond Company, who

can provide them with quaint and out-of-the-beaten-track things that can be worn with their own and suffer no eclipse.

In writing about the delightful Christmas tins of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, I regret to say that I got mixed, as well as the contents of the tins. Those packed in their artistically designed enamelled fancy cases are specially selected for the festive season, and for this season only. Rich mixed Huntley and Palmer's biscuits are standard articles, and are packed in square tins, and in other labelled tins, distinct from those enamelled. I am sorry I gave a wrong impression, and can only say that whatever my readers may have ordered from England's great firm of biscuit-makers is sure to have pleased them. For their guidance for future orders I have tried to put the matter right.

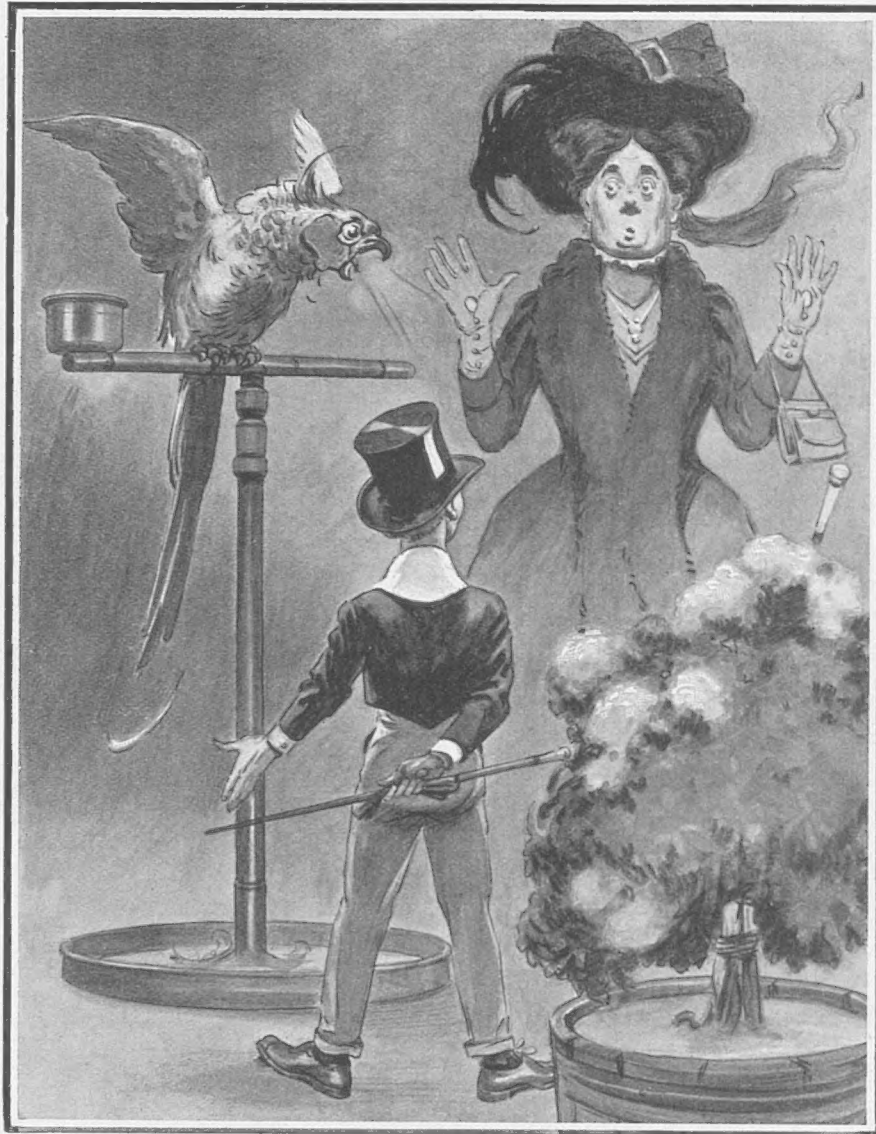
Princess Marie of Roumania may be called a Christmas Princess, for she was born two days after the Christmas Day of 1899, and she was very warmly welcomed by her young parents, for she followed her sister Elizabeth after an interval of five years. Named after her clever grandmother, the Duchess Marie of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, her Royal Highness will be among the wealthiest

of royal débutantes in 1917. She has inherited her lovely mother's beauty and the Russian cleverness of her grand-maternal namesake.

The popular member for Carlisle—or perhaps it is his bride, Miss Josephine Lawson's choice—has chosen the last day of the year for his bridal. The marriage takes place at Plumland, Cumberland, not far from the beautiful old town for which Mr. Chance was returned unopposed at the last election. Carlisle is naturally most excited over the marriage, for Mr. Chance was Mayor before being Member, and he is also grandson and nephew of two former M.P.s who served the constituency well and faithfully.

The Hermitage Hotel, Nice-Cimiez, a beautiful and luxurious establishment, splendidly situated in the fashionable quarter of Cimiez, was reopened again last week. Visitors to the Riviera know that they will find at the Hermitage all the comforts of a modern home in conjunction with a first-class cuisine, where they can really enjoy an agreeable sojourn in this marvellous climate.

From its proximity to so many interesting places, such as Windsor, Eton, Stoke Poges (where Gray wrote his famous Elegy), Burnham Beeches, and the Thames, the town of Slough makes an excellent holiday centre, especially suitable for motor and cycle trips. A neat little guide to the town, with a map and seventeen pictures, is issued by Mr. C. Luff, *Observer* Office, Slough.



AUNTIE: Tommy, you wicked boy, you've been teaching that parrot to swear!
TOMMY: No, auntie, I'm just telling it what it mustn't say.

DRAWN BY F. HOLMES.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 12.

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS.

THE season of the year directs investors' thoughts to Foreign Government bonds on account of the number of interest-payments which fall due on Jan. 1 and soon afterwards. For instance, there are five Argentine Government loans which will be quoted ex coupon next Saturday, Jan. 2, and as, allowing for this, the bonds yield practically 5 per cent. on the money, they are well worth the attention of the capitalist who considers that such a return, coupled with good security, compensates for the improbability of any material rise occurring in the price. Then there are nine different Chili Government bonds, carrying coupons due next week; the return varies from $4\frac{3}{4}$ to 5 per cent., and here again the risk is slight and the yield equally good. Those who like Japanese bonds should study the price of the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Second Series, with six months' interest payment on Jan. 10, the First Series standing about half a point higher and bearing coupons dated Feb. 15 and Aug. 15. Uruguay Fives are a very fair investment, the interest being payable quarterly, on the first of January, April, July, and October, and the return is a little over 5 per cent on the money.

RHODESIA.

Professor Wallace, of agricultural fame, who has been engaged by the Chartered Company to report on the possibilities of the country, is to lecture on his recent visit to Rhodesia at the Colonial Institute on Jan. 12. It is probable the Professor will tell his hearers that, speaking generally, the country is not suitable for wheat or maize, and only in a limited way for tropical agriculture, but that its future lies in cattle-breeding and stock-raising. Those of our readers who are financially interested in the Chartered Company and its offspring should make a point of either hearing or reading what Professor Wallace has to say, for at last we are to have the advantage of a first-rate expert's opinion as to the country and the uses for which it is suitable.

KAFFIRETTES.

As is not uncommon, the closing days of the last account of the year saw Kaffirs confident and strong. Also in accordance with precedent, prices are being talked much higher in the New Year. The market, anyway, is not at all a bad one.

British brokers are conspicuously absent from the Kaffir Circus. Dealers say that it is only the firms with big foreign connections who find themselves well employed. This attitude of restraint leads to a surmise that our own public have very little faith at present in the stability of a Kaffir revival.

You have observed the rises in Knights and Wolhuters? Based on merits, too, and quite likely to be continued with a certain quiet steadiness.

If there's one Kaffir share more disappointing than another it is Randfontein. Even some of the most loyal and staunch supporters are losing heart. Never a favourite in these columns, the shares, it seems to us, ought to be turned out if the prices get anywhere near 40s. a share.

Crown Mines, it is well to remember, are only 10s. shares; so those people who give $6\frac{3}{4}$ or more are paying at the rate of £13 10s. or more for a £1 share. Rand Mines, of course, are 5s. shares, and stand about $7\frac{1}{2}$; but the conditions governing the Company are radically different from those which prevail in the case of the Crown Mines.

Tolerably obvious that someone got caught out of Beira Railway and Mashonaland Railway Debentures. We have reason to know that the negotiations between the Debenture-holders' committee and the Directors are likely to end in an agreement which will restore peace and get at least one coupon paid.

THE WEST AFRICAN REVIVAL.

The following note by "Q" has been written in consequence of the numerous applications we have had from various correspondents for further information and advice in connection with West African Gold Mines; and as our valued contributor is in a position to obtain the best information, we have great confidence in publishing his views. At the same time, it is well to remember that the best mining expert cannot see into the ground beyond his pick, and that mines are fickle things, which do not always turn out as they might be expected to do. There are many chances of profits in West African mines, but they are not the kind of thing for the savings of the widow and the orphan.

I make no apology for again referring in these columns to the prospects of the West African mining industry, for it is becoming day by day more fully recognised that recent events have altogether changed its outlook and probable future. Two things have brought about this transformation: first, the wonderful developments in the lower levels of the Taquah and Abosso Mines, six miles apart from one another, on the Taquah banket reef; secondly, the wonderful reduction of working

costs on the Rand, and the recognition of the fact that the conditions at Taquah are favourable to a similar reduction. The immediate result of this has been that the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa has been willing to invest a large sum in opening up some of the mines of the banket reef in which it is interested, in the belief that large profits can be earned, even from ore which is considered low grade.

The figures given by Lord Harris at the meeting of the Gold Coast Agency Company last week are significant; referring to the Cinnamon Bippo Mine, Lord Harris estimated that with a 100-stamp mill, and an extraction of only 7 dwt. per ton, or 28s., a profit of £100,000 per annum might be earned. Such an estimate of profits would have been altogether impossible a few years ago, but the experience gained on the Rand has made it not only possible, but probable, that these results may be attained. When it is remembered that the outcrop of the Taquah banket reef has been proved for twenty-two miles, a large part of which will probably be worked at a profit when costs have been reduced, the potential importance of this goldfield will be realised. At Prestea, twenty-five miles from Taquah, is another goldfield, but until the completion of the railway to Prestea in the autumn of next year, it will not be possible adequately to explore its extent or value.

It should be clearly understood by all those who put their money into these mines that they must exercise patience and imagination. Even in the case of such a mine as the Taquah itself, it will be some years before crushing on a scale adequate to the mine's importance can be begun, and corresponding profits earned. I will venture to give a few figures to illustrate what I mean. The Taquah Company and the Abosso Company are each crushing now with 50 stamps, which in three months' time, when the whole plant is in full working order, will treat at least 6250 tons per month, or 75,000 tons per annum. In two years' time from now it is practically certain that each Company will have 100 stamps at work, treating a minimum of 150,000 tons per annum. Working costs at each mine will probably be reduced to 25s. per ton, inclusive of development and London charges. In order to be on the safe side, I will take them, however, at 30s. per ton. At June 30 last, the Taquah Company had 177,000 tons of pay ore in sight, of an average value of 86s. per ton, while the average value of the ore opened up in the lowest level last year was 145s. per ton. There was also a large quantity of lower-grade ore. In order to be on the safe side, again, I will assume that it may prove economical to treat ore of a much lower average grade, and anticipate an extraction of 55s. per ton, with 100 stamps at work.

The Abosso Company had on June 30 last 210,000 tons of pay ore developed of an average value of 79s. 5d. per ton. In this case, again, I will assume that with 100 stamps it may prove advisable to treat ore yielding an average extraction of 50s. per ton. Taking the above figures as a basis for calculation, we get the following results—

	Tons.	Average Value.	Average Cost.	Profit.
Abosso Co. ..	150,000	50s.	30s.	£150,000
Taquah Co. ..	150,000	55s.	30s.	£187,500

As the Taquah Company owns 120,000 Abosso shares, there would have to be added to its profits, say, £36,000, from dividends on these shares, or a total net profit of £223,500 per annum. The present issued capital of the Taquah Company is £350,000. Assuming that the capital is increased to £400,000 in the course of the next two years, as it probably will be, the Company should still be in a position to pay easily annual dividends of 50 per cent. on such increased capital. I believe the above to be a quite conservative estimate of the profits likely to be earned by these Companies. If the grade of the ore in the sixth level, soon to be opened up, and the lower levels should continue of the exceptional value of the fifth level, of course the average of the ore sent to the mill would be much higher than the amount quoted; and no account has been taken of the concessions at Prestea and elsewhere belonging to the Company, which may become of importance. With regard to the current year and next year—that is, until the three shafts are completed and 100 stamps started—I think dividends of 30 to 40 per cent. may be expected.

I have dealt rather fully with the prospects of the Taquah Mining Company, because these notes are intended for investors, and not speculators, and I believe that investors may safely buy and hold these shares for the dividends they will receive; but it is quite likely that the value of shares of other Companies working in the same fields will appreciate as developments go on. I have indicated before which are the most promising shares, but it will not be possible to form a real estimate of their merits until much more work has been done. One can only say that the most likely shares are Gold Coast Amalgamated, Prestea Block "A," Fanti Consolidated, Abontiakoon Block 1, and Effuenta.

P.S.—The proposed amalgamation of the Liverpool and San Donato Nitrate Companies should prove beneficial to both Companies, and is mooted with an eye to the next Combination, and quotas to be obtained in it.

Thursday, Dec. 24, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

FOXHUNT.—The Brewery shares have not done so well because of the great depression over the whole of South Africa. It looks as if things were taking a turn, and you should certainly hold on. Every industrial enterprise in South Africa has suffered, and the Brewery is no exception to the rule.

OILMAN.—Don't sell. Two large blocks of shares have come on the market, hence the depression.

BLIND.—See answer to "Foxhunt."

T. A. B.—Yes.

CASTER.—We certainly expect that the Nitrate position will improve. Hold on to your shares.

B. C.—Your letter was answered on the 17th inst.

R. C.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5. The report has no doubt reached you. See answer to Oilman.

SEX.—We have no information as to the Company. Write to the secretary, and ask for the last balance-sheet, from which you may be able to judge of the position.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Hurst Park the following should go close: Hurst Hurdle, Kolo; Maiden Hurdle, St. Mark; Park Steeplechase, Denmark; Novices' Steeplechase, Ante; Surbiton Hurdle, Peter Bell; Priory Steeplechase, Flax Field; Palace Hurdle, Ariel; Richmond Hurdle, Black Passion; Wolsey Steeplechase, Sexton; Old Year Steeplechase, Red Cloth; Molesey Steeplechase, Judina; Three-Year-Old Hurdle, Jealousy. I fancy the following for Manchester: New Year Hurdle, Roman Knight; Paddock Steeplechase, Sheerness; Peel Park Hurdle, Gatherley; Saturday Hurdle, Rabican; Manchester Steeplechase, Ards Rover; Juvenile Hurdle, Master Magpie; Trafford Hurdle, Thurifer; January Steeplechase, St. Benet.

A FRENCH SOCIETY MAN'S PRIVATE CIRCUS.

(See Illustrations.)

QUITE a unique place of amusement is the Cirque Molier, which was founded twenty-eight years ago by Monsieur Ernest Molier, one of the best-known sportsmen in Paris. During all this time it has been his hobby, which he has developed until now it is one of the great Society functions of "La Ville Lumière." Every year, on the single occasion on which the doors of the building are thrown open, the highest aristocracy and the most celebrated men and women crowd the galleries in order to be present at the entertainment, which is not only as good as the best professional circus, although those who take part in it are only amateurs, but also includes in its programme some great sensational equestrian spectacle. The last one was "Sardanapalus," which was produced with great realism in six tableaux. Monsieur Molier has spent a great deal of his life in studying the art of the circus, in training horses, and in teaching the riders. He is now a man of over sixty, and besides his regular circus in his city home in the Passy district, he has a villa in the country, where he keeps his animals when they are "off duty," as he calls it. He is an exceedingly accomplished horseman, and one of the most popular acts in the circus is his guiding of his thoroughbred "Mistral" through its exercises, among them being the dancing of La Craquette, which it does with another horse, ridden by the beautiful Mademoiselle Baia de Bazoul. Another of the bright particular stars of the company is Mademoiselle Blanche Allarty, who is a wonderful exponent of the classic "haute école," in which she uses a fine Arab horse. She is also an accomplished bareback rider, and rides three horses at once—or rather, she rides the two outside horses while the third runs between them. She also shows an Asiatic camel named Caesar, which has been trained by M. Molier, and which does many remarkable tricks, like dancing, walking on its knees, rearing on its hind-legs, posing on a pedestal, and last, but by no means least—for it is believed to be the only camel which can do so—walking backwards. Another of the horsewomen is Mlle. Yola de Nyss, who has been called "The Fairy Princess of the Circus-Lover's Dreams"; while among the male members of the company is the Count de Nouy, who learnt some of his horsemanship in America, for three years ago he rode from Austin, Texas, to Cheyenne, Wyoming. From Texas he took his horse, Navaho Bob, which he uses in his performance, part of which illustrates Texas cowboy life. Indeed, he has formed a little club called the Blue Star Cowboys' Company, which consists of eight members who are devoted to the horse and the lasso.

All boys are interested in ships, and all boys are interested in engines and machinery; consequently the subject of steamers is one that possesses for them a double fascination. Mr. J. R. Howden, author of "The Boy's Book of Locomotives," has now written a companion volume, called "The Boy's Book of Steamships" (Grant Richards), which will be a source of unbounded delight to the lucky youngsters who are fortunate enough to obtain it. The illustrations consist of a coloured frontispiece and over a hundred excellent photographs, showing steamships of every kind in various stages of construction, including pictures of the two latest giant Cunarders—the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania*. The letterpress first sketches, in an introductory chapter, the story of shipbuilding from the beginning, and in the latter part of the book deals at greater length with the invention of steam-power and its application to the propulsion of ships. Interesting biographical accounts are given of the different engineers who have gradually developed the steamship into what it is to-day. The simpler facts of marine engineering are explained in readable language, without too much technicality, in a way well calculated to arouse a boy's desire for fuller knowledge. Chapters are also devoted to a description of the accommodation and furniture on board a great liner, and to explaining the work of navigation and the duties of various officers and members of the crew. Then the special types of steamers used for rivers, lakes, and coasting purposes are described, and the last four chapters deal with the great lines of steamers that run to America and Australia, giving the history of the companies, the routes taken, and details of particular vessels.

The development of the Cornish Riviera as a winter health resort continues apace. Local cheap return tickets are being issued by the Great Western Railway Company until the end of February, in addition to the reduced tourist fares from Paddington and provincial stations, all available for the trains de luxe. An extended motor-car service is being looked for in the St. Keverne and Lizard districts, and the reported acquisition by the G.W.R. of the Looe and Liskeard line is cordially welcomed as likely to lead to fresh developments.

Owners of horses and cattle would do well to give a trial to "Zool" in feeding their livestock. It is a patent food which has had a great success in France for the last twelve years, and may now be obtained of Mr. Edward de Marney, 16, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C. It may be described as a tonic wherein phosphoric acid has been incorporated with nitrogenous substances. The animals like it, and it is both nourishing in health, and curative of such ailments as rheumatism, windgalls, splints, lameness, etc.

"LA DANSE DE L'APACHE."

(As first given at the Moulin Rouge, Paris, 1908.)

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| <p>I.
TURN up the lights and play the dancers in:
How will they dance?—on tiptoe, poised and trim,
Or swathed in gauze and subtle chastity?
She smiled across the box and asked of him.</p> <p>II.
Man, woman here, wayward and pleasure-wan,
Yielding an easy life to custom's claws;
Shrouding by downcast lid or phrase conceit
Their nether world of sex that brooked no laws.</p> <p>III.
Turn on the light, the gaudy, glittering light,
That grants the painted, youth, makes youth unblest.
What dancers these moving from wing to stage
With sullen gestures, restless at the test?</p> <p>IV.
Some dark venelle or lanterned cul-de-sac
Has dropped its secrets to a keyhole spy.
And in these night-birds' sombre playfulness
He brings fresh carrion to the people's cry.</p> <p>V.
L'apache in fustian clad, black-chinned, thick-shod,
A crimson scarf about his knotted throat,
His feet a-shuffle to familiar bars,
As if old instincts rose in him by rote.</p> <p>VI.
This thief untracked, this prey for guillotine
Lured from his lair to dance and to desire;
Yet in his eyes 'neath beetling brows no joy,
His grim lips fixed to meet her mouth on fire.</p> | <p>VII.
Her mouth on fire? A girl with tumbled curls,
Love-sparkling eyes, between her teeth a rose;
Slowly she sways to each compelling note,
To clasp his blood-stained hand she daring goes.</p> <p>VIII.
He holds her now—ah, God, this devil's dance!
Body to body pressed, then backward tossed;
The girl grows white with sudden passionate dread,
Yet, maddening with the music, counts no cost.</p> <p>IX.
He smooths her neck—his touch like tiger's tongue—
Feels if 'twould break, then whimsical relents,
Glares in her eyes, and in her panting breath
Drinks through the fading rose lascivious scents.</p> <p>X.
Fast and faster, throwing her this way, that,
In furious mood her supple body bends;
His nostrils quiver, all the audience laughs,
Knowing the game begun that elsewhere ends.</p> <p>XI.
Turn off the lights and crack the fiddler's bow;
Such awful mumming sets the world awry;
Drive out this mob to drink and chonnerie;
But give us breathing space, the stars on high!</p> <p>XII.
The stage is empty now, the gilded box,
Where lovers go there's none may go their way;
One girl sleeps wearied at the red of dawn;
Red murder stills for one the voice of day.
R. E. FIFE.</p> |
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Theatre-goers at Leeds will be glad to learn that Miss Dorothy Frostick, of "Blue Bell" and "Cherry Girl" fame, has been engaged by Mr. John Hart to appear as principal dancer in his pantomime, "Sinbad the Sailor," at the Grand Theatre in that town.

English spas and inland watering-places are now running their foreign rivals close in popularity, and are laying themselves out to minister to the comfort and amusement of visitors. One of the pleasantest is the Worcestershire town of Droitwich, in the Severn Valley, whose brine baths relieve sufferers from gout, rheumatism, and sciatica, as well as general cases of convalescence and breakdown. It is on the Midland and Great Western lines, and both these companies give away an illustrated booklet setting forth the attractions of the town. Yet another, most tastefully got-up, may be had free of the Corbett Estate Offices, Droitwich.

The new and attractive pavilion which has just been completed on the Parade at Weymouth was opened on Dec. 21 by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The pavilion, which has a most effective frontage facing the sea and the Parade, will add to the comfort and convenience of visitors. The auditorium has a seating capacity for 1100 persons, including 200 orchestra stalls, 300 pit stalls, 352 pit seats, together with a circle containing 350 seats. Weymouth is undoubtedly progressing as a holiday resort, thanks in a great extent to the increased railway facilities afforded. The Great Western Railway Company has well seconded the efforts of the Council in enforcing the claims of Weymouth in London, the Midlands, and throughout the West, and the converging lines from the North are increasingly patronised.

All men who shave will rejoice to hear of a razor which requires no stropping, grinding, or setting, and does not draw blood. Such a boon is to be found in the "Luna" Safety Razor, which is supplied by the Luna Safety Razor Company, 1, Paper Street, London, E.C., or may be obtained through any retail dealer. In silver-plate it costs 15s.; gilt, 21s.

In America they give the name of "business doctor" to those commercial specialists whose profession it is to infuse new life and success into various undertakings. Over here we have many men who act in a similar capacity, though they are not known by the same title. One of the most energetic is Mr. J. C. Burlingham, now managing director of Messrs. W. Anderson and Co. Many are the businesses which he has successfully treated, and his latest "patient" is Anderson's Three Star Scotch Whisky, which is making most satisfactory progress.